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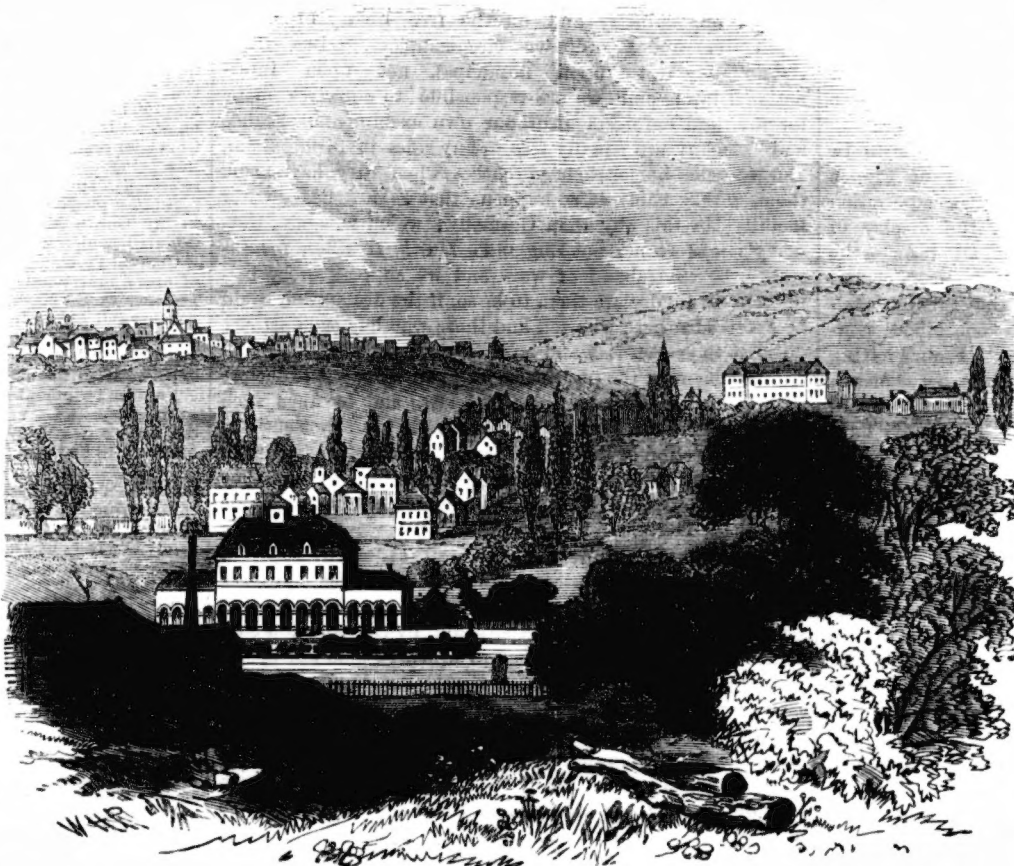
SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 3, 1870.

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NEUTRALITY.

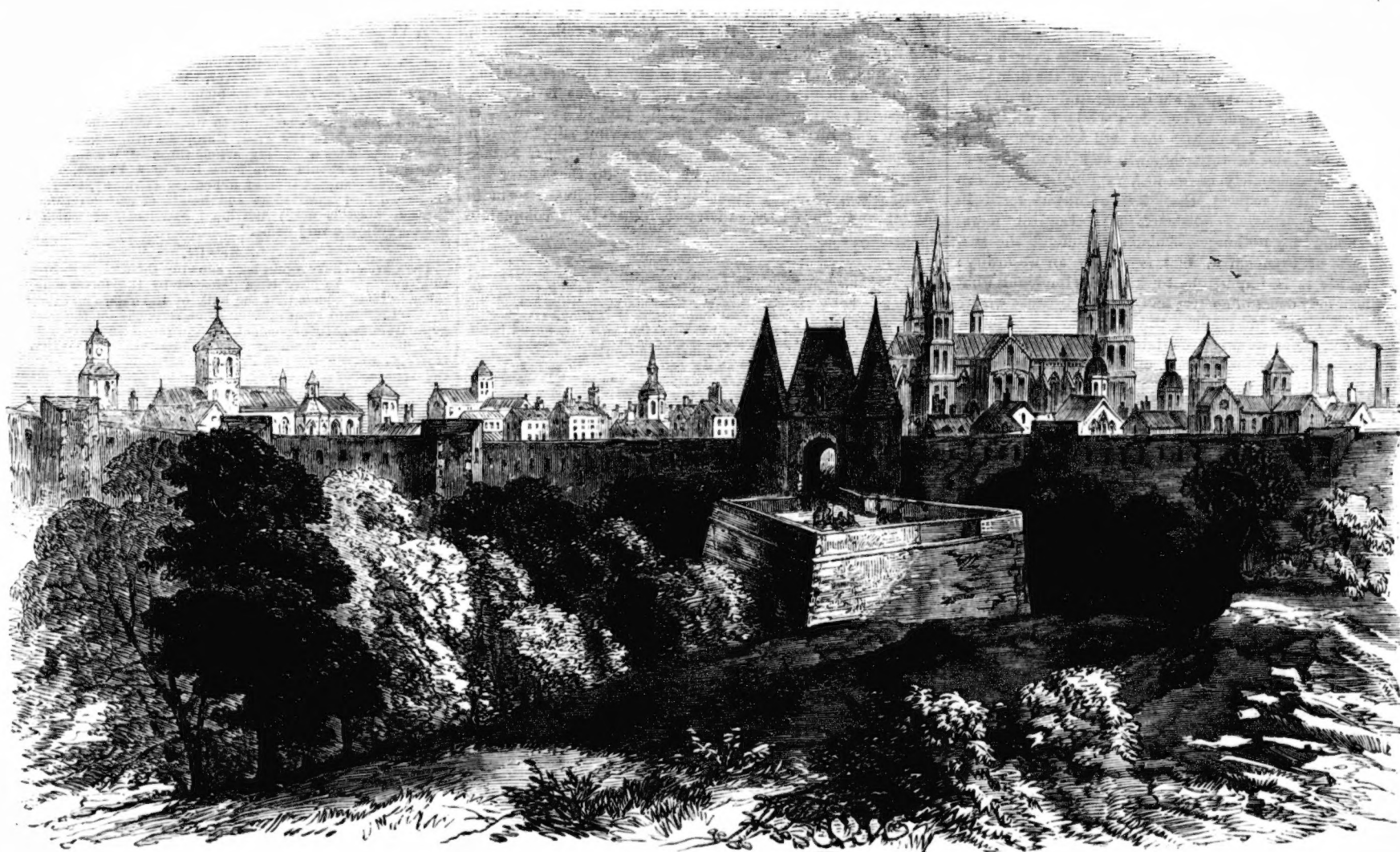
THE position of a neutral during such a war as that now in progress on the Continent seems to be only in degree less arduous than that of a belligerent. Indeed, in some respects it is more arduous. The belligerent, within certain limits, tolerably well defined, is free to do whatever he pleases in his efforts to crush his adversary; while it appears to be expected of a neutral that he should please both parties to the quarrel, at whatever cost or inconvenience to himself. Of course, as no neutral can do this, let him strive how he may, the result is that he generally succeeds in pleasing neither. And that is exactly the position of Great Britain *in re* France and Germany; and so we are pretty roundly abused by both.

Frenchmen complain that the people and press of this country show more sympathy with their opponents than with them; that credit for honesty of intention and purity of motive is conceded to Germany, while it is denied to France; that German reports of battles and their results are at once believed, while French statements are looked upon with suspicion, if not with positive incredulity; that the conduct of German Generals and soldiers is applauded, while the skill of French leaders is scoffed at, and the valour of French soldiers is only barely allowed.



BAR-LE-DUC.

On all points, except the last, it may be admitted that the complaints are well founded; but it must, at the same time, be held that English opinions are not without warrant. To begin with: the people of this country, with scarcely an exception, are convinced (and with excellent reason) that the French were in the wrong, and the Germans in the right, in the commencement of the quarrel—that the French provoked the contest unnecessarily and without sufficient cause; whereas the Germans merely accepted the challenge offered to them. Furthermore, most of us believe (also with excellent reason) that France contemplated the invasion, humiliation, and dismemberment of Germany, and probably of other States as well; whereas Germany, at the outset of the contest, whatever may be her views at its close, merely sought to defend herself, to repel invasion, and to vindicate her right to settle her own affairs and to work out her own destiny without being subject to the meddling and interference of others. In short, that France was actuated—the whole of France, and not merely her rulers—by lustful ambition, unholy greed, and mean jealousy of a neighbour's well-being; and had been for years, according to the boast of one, at least, of her most prominent statesmen, assiduously preparing for the work of gratifying those passions. The Ger-



CHALONS-SUR-MARNE.

mans, on the other hand, so far as the world yet knows, had not sought to injure France, and had confined their action within the boundary of Fatherland and to the perfecting of arrangements that solely concerned themselves. The Spanish-Hohenzollern affair is put entirely on one side in considering the causes of quarrel; for it soon became palpable that that paltry business never had any real influence in the matter at all. France, then, was in the wrong, and Germany in the right; and Englishmen, in sympathising with the Germans in preference to the French, have simply followed their natural love of fair play, judging of men and their motives by the best lights they possess. So much for the question of sympathy; on that of credence, the source of our leanings is equally plain. Ever since the war began we have found German statements to be, as a rule, justified by time and borne out by results and facts; while as much cannot be said for those emanating from French sources. When the German leaders claimed a victory, it has almost invariably turned out that they had gained one; whereas the rulers of France has once and again made pretensions to victory when their armies were decidedly beaten. And the cause of this disparity of conduct is obvious: in the necessity French officials fancied they lay under of mystifying their own people, they perforce sought to mystify the rest of the world as well; and the rest of the world, and England in particular, having better means of judging, declined to be mystified, and naturally came to discredit men who habitually put forth statements designedly framed to have that effect. The Germans, on the contrary, having no occasion to mystify anyone, confined their reports to telling the truth as far as they knew it; and have so come to be believed. That disposes of another ground of French complaint. As to the next point, English admiration of German military skill is the result of the display of that skill, as proved by the best of all tests—the continued success of the plans of the German generals: while our disrespect for the talent of the French commanders is the natural effect of the continued non-success of theirs, in spite of the fact that, France having begun the strife and made the first movements, her Generals had the placing of so many of the conditions which should command victory. The Emperor and his lieutenants have not managed their business well; failure has been the result; and adverse criticism the consequence. It does not necessarily follow that skill will always command success; there may be, and there have been, circumstances where no degree of ability, of forethought, and of precaution will secure that result; but, where all are equal, or might and ought to have been so, as was presumably the case at the commencement of this war, superior skill is certain to turn the scale. And the possession of that one point of superiority by the Germans has hitherto turned the scale in their favour; and English opinion on the matter does no more than acknowledge the existence of the fact, and of its cause. The last complaint made against us by France we declare to be entirely without foundation. The valour of the French troops no one among us has called in question; we have all of us frankly acknowledged and freely applauded the gallantry displayed by the soldiers of France in every encounter in which they have been engaged; and so, indeed, have their adversaries. Many among them were too boastful at the beginning, and some among them are too boastful still, and have been, and are, condemned therefor; but no one has ever doubted their courage or denied their heroism.

On no ground, then, as it seems to us, have the French good cause of complaint as to either the sayings or the doings of Englishmen since this unhappy war began; and we trust they will have no good reason to complain while it continues, although we do not expect that they will see matters altogether with our eyes, or that they will be able to judge of events as dispassionately as on-lookers like ourselves can do. As for the request that has been put forth in some quarters that Englishmen and English newspapers should say nothing calculated to offend the susceptibilities of Frenchmen, that is simply an absurdity: first, because it is impossible to know beforehand what Frenchmen may deem offensive; and, second, because we are a nation of critics, and claim the right to exercise our vocation, so long as we do so on fair grounds and without intention to offend or insult—and, on the part of the whole British people and the entire British press, we emphatically disclaim all such intention.

But the French are not alone in their complaints against us; the Germans blame us too, and assert that while we yield them empty praise and unsubstantial sympathy, France obtains the solid pudding of real help at our hands. First, it is said, we supply France with coals, without which she could not send her fleets to sea; and next, we furnish her with arms, without which she could not make good the neglect of her rulers or supply her soldiers with weapons. These complaints bring up the whole question of the duty of neutrals and the rights of belligerents, both of which, as it seems to us, the Germans seek to extend far beyond their legitimate limits, while the rights and interests of neutrals are very much lost sight of. War is an interruption of the ordinary business, vocations, and intercourse of men. Belligerents, not neutrals, cause that interruption; and it ought to be the duty of belligerents to occasion by their quarrels as little inconvenience and hurt to neutrals as possible. Moreover, it behoves belligerents to take care of themselves, and they have no right to cast that duty upon neutrals; who, in exact proportion as they protect the interests of belligerents, cease to be neutrals and become participants in the contest. That being so, it follows that no neutral, by any right inherent in a belligerent, is called

upon to suspend any trade, traffic, manufacture, or intercourse it has been in the habit of exercising lest a belligerent should suffer thereby. On the other hand, each belligerent is entitled to throw such obstacles in the way of his opponent profiting by the trade of neutrals as may be in his power and as may be recognised by the common consent of nations—such common consent being what is ordinarily meant by international law. Thus coals have not by common consent of nations been declared contraband of war; coals are an article Great Britain has been in the habit of selling to all who wished to buy; therefore Great Britain is not bound to discontinue the sale of coals to foreign nations, France included, lest Germany should suffer by the aid France derives from British coal. Germany is equally as free as France to buy coals in our markets, and to import them into her territory, if she can. That she cannot, may be her misfortune; but it is not England's fault. Were we to refuse coals to one foreign nation, we must refuse them to all, which would be a grievous injury to us as well as to our customers—an injury which neither we nor they are called upon to undergo to suit the convenience of a belligerent.

The question as to arms and warlike munitions is more complicated, because we have already, by our municipal law, placed certain restrictions in time of war on the free exercise of our industry and on the free liberty of barter we claim under ordinary circumstances. But those restrictions rest upon municipal, not upon international law; and we are responsible to ourselves alone for the rigid enforcement of our own exactments. France and Germany are equally free to buy rifles in Birmingham, and to take home their purchases when they have made them, if they can. It so happens that France has greater facilities in this way than Germany; which is, again, Germany's misfortune, not England's fault. If rifles, for instance, be contraband of war—and we suppose every belligerent would declare them to be so, if the declaration could be enforced—those who sell and those who buy such articles do so at their own risk and on their own responsibility. All a Government in the position of ours can well do is to declare such traffic illegal under municipal law, and to warn such of its citizens as engage in it that they are not entitled to the protection of their own Government in carrying it on. If such goods be seized *in transitu* by either belligerent, they are lawful prize, and the parties concerned must bear the loss.

These are the simple facts as well as the rationale of the case; and neither as regards coals nor arms have the Germans, therefore, any sound reason of complaint against Great Britain until these articles are, by the common consent of nations, declared things in which no man nor people can legally traffic during war time. But the practice of Germany—or at all events of Prussia—is at variance with the demands she now puts forth. During the war with Russia, arms, ammunition, and materials of war of all kinds were conveyed to the Czar by the aid and through the territory of Prussia; our blockade of the Russian ports was to a great degree rendered nugatory by reason of the facilities Prussia afforded for the export and import of goods from and to Russia; and what Prussia herself practised, she cannot condemn in us. Besides, if the markets of Britain are, by the accident of France's superiority at sea, closed to Germany, she is free to buy in other countries that have the same articles to sell. Belgium, like England, produces coal and manufactures arms; and, so far as we know, there is nothing to hinder Germany buying both in the Belgian market: a thing which, as it happens, France is scarcely at liberty to do just at present. If France can hinder Germany from drawing supplies from England by sea, Germany can pretty effectually bar France from doing so from Belgium by land. So that, after all, affairs are more evenly balanced than the Germans seem to fancy; and they may, therefore, cease their complaints about unfair neutrality.

THE EDUCATION ACT.—On Tuesday evening a public meeting was held at the White Horse Tavern, White Horse-street, Ratcliff, for the purpose of considering the clauses of the Elementary Education Act, with a view to organising the district for the purpose of electing to the London School Board representatives, who would see that education should be untrammelled by sectarianism, creeds, and dogmas. The meeting was convened under the auspices of the "Land and Labour League." Dr. Bowdler, having been voted to the chair, stated the objects of the meeting; after which Mr. Matthews proposed a resolution to the effect that, in the opinion of the meeting, as families of working men stood most in need of education, they should be well represented at the metropolitan school boards, and also that the exclusion of creeds and sectarianism from the school teaching was essential to the practical utility of real education. Mr. Potts having seconded the resolution, it was supported by Mr. Upton and Mr. Haynes, and on being put from the chair was carried unanimously.

THE SCOTCH HERRING FISHERY AND THE BLOCKADE.—The Scotch herring fishery is all but ruined. Stettin, which last year took 132,358 barrels of herrings, is closed. So is Harburg, which last year consumed 82,753 barrels. So are Danzig, Königsberg, Gostemunde, Hamburg, and Bremen, whither were sent in 1869 nearly 100,000 barrels of fish. Last year these ports purchased over 300,000 barrels of Scotch herrings; this year not a single order has been executed for them. Thus the principal markets are no longer open, the curer is idle, the fishermen are in a state of torpidity; 5000 fishing-boats are unengaged, and over 20,000 fishermen are thrown out of employment. Nor is this all. Last year the Scotch herring fishery afforded employment to 1790 coopers, 1000 fish-curers, and 42,151 labourers in packing, gutting, salting, &c., most of whom now find their occupation gone. There were last year 15,229 tons of tonnage, employing 1160 seamen, engaged in importing stave wood and hoops for this fishery, and 20,813 tons of tonnage and 1718 seamen importing salt; their services are now dispensed with. And all this through the blockade of the German ports. But it may be said that Prussia is not the world; why not trade elsewhere? True, the rest of the world may be open to the Scotch herring merchant, but exorbitant duty precludes the possibility of a remunerative commerce in many parts where a large trade might be otherwise effected. Again, there is Ireland, a great fish-consuming country; but for some reason or other, while in 1864 it took from Scotland 121,883 barrels of herrings, in 1869 the exportation thither was only 32,342 barrels. The other ports where the Scotch herrings are marketable are comparatively insignificant. The importation to Russia last year was as follows:—Odessa took 695 barrels, Riga 172 barrels, and Petersburg 13,668 barrels. The trade with Holland was somewhat better. Rotterdam received 19,290 barrels, and Vlaardingen 5873 barrels. The whole of Belgium had only 514 barrels, and all other places on the Continent patronised the pickled herrings of Scotland to the complimentary extent of 25 barrels. To places out of Europe none have been sent.

Foreign Intelligence.

FRANCE.

It is announced from Paris that disturbances have occurred in various parts of France in consequence of the upper classes and the clergy being accused by the peasantry of sympathy with Prussia. It seems, too, that a similar charge is being brought against the French Protestants in the south of France and in Alsace.

Forty thousand people entered Paris last Saturday from the surrounding country.

It is stated that the Government has decided to remove the Ministries of War and the Interior from Paris.

M. Armand Béhic and General Mellinet, senators; Count Daru, M. de Ruy de Lôme, and the Marquis de Talhouet, deputies, have been appointed members of the Paris Committee of Defence.

In last Saturday's sitting of the Legislative Body M. Thiers said he had learnt from the *Official Journal* that he had been appointed a member of the Committee of Defence. His wish was not to accept this appointment unless summoned to do so by the Chamber. Nevertheless, in view of the grave circumstances, he would accept it if it should be ratified by the Legislative Body. M. Chevreau, the Minister of the Interior, said the Government thought that M. Thiers, being the founder of the fortifications of Paris, should naturally be called upon to contribute to their defence.

M. Steenackers then proposed to elect M. Thiers by acclamation, but the President said that, the Chamber having already manifested its wishes on the subject, there was no need to consider M. Steenackers's proposal. In Tuesday's sitting of the Legislative Body, M. André and Johnstone protested against accusations which had been levelled against French Protestants with reference to their attitude during the war. They declared that the Protestant population of France were ready to sacrifice life and fortune in defence of the country. M. Henri Chevreau, the Minister of the Interior, stigmatised the accusations referred to as unworthy intrigues. He concluded by expressing his conviction that for all Frenchmen there should be now but one religion—the religion of patriotism. M. Ernest Picard suggested that there was an occult Government at work behind the actual Ministry. M. Chevreau repelled this insinuation, and said the time when concord was being urged was not a fitting moment for such insidious remarks. In Wednesday's sitting Count de Kératry brought forward a proposal for the revision of the appointments of officers in the Garde Mobile, and demanded that urgency should be declared, which was, however, refused by the Chamber.

General Trochu, by decree, has ordered the expulsion from Paris of every individual having no means of subsistence, and whose presence would be a danger to public order and to the safety of persons and property, or who might act in such a manner as to weaken and hinder the measures taken for general defence and safety. Several batches of disreputable persons have since been expelled from the city, while others have been shut up in prison.

Further judgment has been passed on the prisoners implicated in the affair at La Villette. Eudes and Pridaux have been condemned to death, Lagarrieu to ten years at the galleys, and Mordacq to five years' imprisonment.

It is stated that in view of a possible investment of Paris, the authorities of the Bank of France have determined on immediately transferring the greater portion of their still large reserve of specie to one of the western seaport towns—probably Havre or Brest—for safety. Many of the foreign bankers have already transferred the most portable of their effects, including securities, plate, &c., to London.

The *Revue Contemporaine*, in an article with the title "Dossier de la Guerre de 1870," observes, in reference to the new treaty on the subject of Belgium, which has been concluded by England with both France and Prussia:—"This solution plainly shows that since the publication of the famous projected treaty, notwithstanding the letter of Count Benedetti and in spite of the declaration of the Duke of Gramont, the contradictions of the *Official Journal*, and the accusation of falsehood brought against Count Bismarck by the semi-official press, our word is no longer believed in London, where doubts are entertained of our disinterestedness and our platonic love for Belgium. Guarantees are required, and the best one England can find is to threaten us with the sword. This is one of the least fatal results of a war so rashly undertaken."

BELGIUM.

The Belgium army of observation is concentrated on the extreme limit of the Belgian territory on the Luxembourg frontier. The greater part of the garrison of Brussels is to join the army of observation.

ITALY.

A Vienna journal states that the Italian Government has decided to occupy Rome. One object of Signor Minghetti's mission to Vienna is to notify this determination to the Austrian Government. It is said, however, that the Cabinet of Florence has previously ascertained that no objection to the contemplated step will be made by any of the Powers.

The Italian papers continue to discuss with much warmth the interest of Italy in the great European struggle. The Florence *Dritto* concludes a leading article thus:—"We repeat what we have said; we should have more fear of a France, omnipotent, united, and compact than of a Federal Germany, because in the latter we find those ideas and habits of self-government (the English word is used) individual and local, of which France ignores even the very name."

SPAIN.

The Carlists have again been showing themselves in Spain, but they are said to have been defeated by the forces sent against them. It is added that the bulk of the rebels and their chiefs have retired into France, finding no response on the part of the population to their movement. The French authorities disarmed one hundred of them as they re-crossed the frontier. The Governor of the Basque Provinces attributes the movement to the sermons of the clergy, and he has issued a proclamation announcing that all persons taken with arms in their hands will be shot. He also threatens that the population of those places where disorders may arise will be compelled to pay the expenses of the measures which may be incurred in putting them down.

PORTUGAL.

There has been another Ministerial crisis at Lisbon; and the Marquis Sa, to whom have been joined the Bishop of Vizen and Senor Carlos Bento, has been commissioned to form a Cabinet. Marshal Saldanha has been appointed Ambassador to the Court of St. James's.

GERMANY.

A circular despatch has been telegraphed to all German Envoys containing a solemn protest against the French conduct in firing on German flags of truce. They fired on Colonel Verdy at Metz, Major Rochow at Toul, and another officer at Verdun, whose trumpeter was killed. It is announced that the Germans will send them no more flags of truce.

Three armies of reserve are being formed—one on the Rhine, under the Grand Duke of Mecklenburg-Schwerin; another at Berlin, under General Canstein; and the third at Glogau, Silesia, under General Lorrenfeld.

A semi-official Berlin paper publishes an article headed "Germany's wishes with regard to Alsace and Lorraine," in which it maintains that those provinces must be taken from France in order to secure the future safety of Germany. It says that the German people do not wish to establish their own preponderance or to disturb the equilibrium of Europe, but simply to obtain by themselves a lasting peace from the old enemy of peace. There has been a meeting in Berlin of the leading men of all parties, at which resolutions were passed condemnatory of foreign intervention, and declaring that Germany alone must settle with France and obtain guarantees securing the German Empire against

attack. Another meeting, at which similar resolutions were passed, was held, on Wednesday, at Königsberg, the King of Prussia being specially requested to decline all foreign intervention in any peace negotiations that may take place.

AUSTRIA.

A telegram from Prague states that, at a sitting of the German Club held on the 26th ult., a deputation from the Czech Club attended, saluted the German representatives of Bohemia, and proffered reconciliation on the part of the Czechs. M. Reiger, the spokesman, said this had hitherto been impossible so long as the Czechs were an oppressed nationality; but great events were preparing in Europe, and the Germans and the Czechs of Bohemia were separated by questions which the majority was unable to settle. M. Reiger added:—"We wish to see an attempt at a settlement undertaken outside the Diet. A committee should be composed of five members of each party, which should endeavour to reconcile the differences of opinion which at present prevail on constitutional and national issues." Subsequently the German Club sent a deputation to the Czechs, announcing its readiness to co-operate in the proposed commission, and thanking the Czech Club for taking the initiative in the matter.

A STAMPEDE INTO PARIS.

The rush of people from the country around Paris into the city for protection is graphically described in a letter dated on Monday. The writer says:—

"The Napoleonic pillar in the Place Vendôme, the Bridge of Jena, and the Arch of Triumph, such are the sacrifices the terrible Prussians are certain to demand. These glorious trophies rankle—so runs the story—in the German heart, and the cry 'To Paris!' is prompted by a fierce desire to destroy the monuments of past victory and defeat. But they shall stand, look you, until long after the present march on Paris has been forgotten, and our grandchildren's grandchildren shall talk of the honours gained by Paris at bay. To the Arch of Triumph first. What do you see on the way? What do you see amid the trees of Boulogne and the plain of Longchamps? What on the long road of the Elysian Fields, and on the diverging highways to the west, south, and north? Carriages, vans, waggons, carts, wheelbarrows, trays on wheels, all laden with household goods, all accompanied by their homeless owners, all testifying to the reality of the defence Paris is prepared to make. You meet the stream at the Madeleine, and it is all but unbroken during a two-hours' drive. A long Normandy cart, drawn by clumsy, broad-backed, farmhouse steeds, who neigh and caper at city sights and sounds until they remind you of the ass in the fable who emulated the lapdog's tricks; a cart, laden with human freight as well as with beds and bedding, chairs, tables, faded bits of work in Berlin wool, framed and glazed; a birdcage or two and a pet dog, meets you first. An old crone is perched at a dangerous height on a palisade of blue and white, little children cling to the dusty shafts, while men and women are walking in a melancholy procession at its side. Then a private omnibus with a coronet on its varnished sides, its windows down, and its blinds drawn, but with rare old china monsters peeping from its half-open door, and a confused vista of ornate, statuettes, bronzes, cabinet pictures, and ornate timepieces presenting itself from within. An open cab with a pyramid of bonnet-boxes and feminine trunks, in the midst of which a vestal of sour exterior is squatted; a barouche and pair, on the seats of which are dressing-cases, and a gilt cage with a squalling macaw within; a market-cart, with bedding and pillows again; two vans, containing between them the furniture of a good-sized house; a ransackable nondescript on wheels drawn by a mule, and with the heterogeneous contents of a broker's shop emptied into it, in as much confusion as if they had been shaken from a pepper-caster by giant hands; a little crowd on foot, which is like a funeral, save that the bearers are in blue linen instead of black cloth, and that they surround a brightly-polished mahogany wardrobe instead of a coffin, meet the eye in succession. It is the flight into Paris. The houses for miles round the fortifications are deserted, and their recent occupants are flocking to within the walls by the hundred with their chattels and their families, there to await the result of the enemy's advance. It seems a peculiar mode of preparing for a siege, this accumulation in the threatened city of useless mouths; but they feel safer, these poor people, to be at the capital than to retreat into the provinces, and the Government has not hitherto said them nay. Down the main avenue of the Elysian Fields, past the Arch of Triumph, on the summit of which there are soldiers taking observations, and a crane and a movable platform mysteriously at work; along the roads skirted by the cottages with double coach-houses, by the wicked little architectural prettinesses in stucco, from whose gates dainty white poodles with pink collars are wont to peep, and by the pretentious villas of detached gentility, and we are at the gates of the famous Bois. Nothing but families moving, and closed houses all the way. Let the reader recall the time when he suffered last from the horrors of 'a move,' and then let him multiply the vehicles containing his household goods until they cover three miles of ground, and he will realise what has taken place for the last forty-eight hours at the outskirts of, and the main roads into, Paris. It is only when we are through the first line of fortifications that the houses are closed. Within this limit the various shops are rather busier than usual. You must eat and drink, however great your distress, and on the sad day when the best and most beloved among us depart this life the cook will assuredly take her orders for dinner exactly as if the mournful event had not occurred. So the eating-houses and wine-shops are driving a roaring trade by reason of the extra traffic, and the heads of small households and the owners of deserted farms chat together not uncheerfully over the refreshing glass. They talk of the fineness of the weather for their job, and the heaviness of the roads. It is impossible to be dying for your country all day long; and, the necessity for a removal, and its distressing inconvenience and loss, having been once admitted, there is no philosophy in railing at the Prussians instead of getting out of their way. The tradespeople near the barriers are as chirpy as possible. A small fat 'flâneur' discourses on the absurdity of supposing that the Prussians will come, or that they are such fools; and then, holding his stomach at the convulsing excellence of the jest, asks if we have seen the cattle and sheep in the gardens of the Bois? 'There are more thousands of them than I can count; there is enough meat for all of us for two months; there is no bit of ground in the whole place which has not its beasts feeding. It is droll this; it is droll! Look at them! Thus they come still—the carriages with the women, the children, and the men, their beds and the chairs; and all to ask Paris to protect them—my faith! from what?' The little man blows away some snuff from his forefinger with great contempt; and, having thus disposed of the enemy satisfactorily, turns to his quips and jests again, to the puzzlement and dismay of his listeners, who are half persuaded that they have taken fright too soon. It is as well for that merry little man that he is not within earshot of the people who suspect and denounce, or his merriment might take the incongruous form of a mingled prayer for mercy and a pitiful avowal that he is French to the heart's core, and hating Prussia with all his might.

"The number of 'useless mouths' which entered Paris on Sunday and Monday, Aug. 28 and 29, must be immense. On the other hand, 20,000 souls have left it in the same time, and the railway stations are blocked up by the anxious people who are burning to be off. Deserted houses for miles round the city, and deserted houses by the thousand within it; citizens vowing that they will never desert the intrenchments, and that they will die rather than the Prussians shall enter the capital; preparations for a siege which is calmly anticipated as of two months' duration, and so announced in the journals of the day; streets which culminated in their oppressive gloom on Sunday night; wayfarers, with determined faces, telling each other of the latest order as

to the expulsion of the Germans, and of their own determination to fight to the last—this is Paris."

PROFESSOR MAX MÜLLER ON THE WAR.

THE German people in general, and Count Bismarck in particular, have found a champion in Mr. Max Müller, who in a letter to the *Times*, which fills two columns, contends that the Prussian Premier has done nothing to forfeit the good opinion of Englishmen. It does not follow that he approved Count Benedetti's proposals because he did not instantly repudiate and make them public. A Foreign Minister is not like a private individual. He stands in the position of counsel for his country. An advocate may refuse to hold a brief for any particular client; but, having once accepted it, he is bound in honour to think of the interests of his client, and to leave it to the other side to discover and lay open the weak points of his case. A Foreign Minister is bound by the simplest rules of prudence not to disclose many a secret of which, as a private person, he might decline to become the depository. He has to listen to proposals of compromise, and, for argument's sake, to take into consideration eventualities which, as a man of honour, he might indignantly decline to entertain. "Do you suppose," Mr. Max Müller asks, "that Lord Palmerston had never to listen for a moment to suggestions about Turkey and Egypt, about Savoy and Nice, and was he driven from office by an indignant people?" But Professor Müller goes further, and says that unless Sir Harry Verney (in reply to whom the letter is written) can produce crushing proof to the contrary, he maintains against Sir Harry and against everybody that, since 1866, Count Bismarck's policy has been patriotic and peaceful—*sans reproche*, though, no doubt, also *sans peur*. Germany had to be united; everybody who had tried to unite it had failed; Bismarck succeeded. His procedure was not in all respects strictly regular; but "there are in the history of all countries great convulsions which one cannot criticise according to the ordinary rules of right and wrong. We do not criticise thunderstorms that darken heaven and earth, strike down palaces, and carry off the harvest of peaceful villages. We stand in awe while they last; but we know that nature cannot do without them, and that when they are past the air will be purer, and we shall breathe again more freely than before." Count Bismarck has believed war to be inevitable since the battle of Sadowa; but he has constantly exerted himself to put it off, hoping that something might turn up in France which would avert the necessity. "He did not, by abruptly refusing to listen to any more proposals, wish to drive the Emperor to a decided policy. We can well imagine with what bitter scorn in his heart he said, smilingly, to Benedetti, 'If you must have something to quiet the people of France, why there is Belgium, there is England, or Spain. Why do you not take them?' Did he promise to help in these adventures? Did he bind himself to furnish one single soldier? Did he betray Belgium by thought, word, or deed, or act disloyally towards England?" Mr. Max Müller refuses to believe that England and Germany can ever be at enmity. "If Germany conquers, a new era of peace will dawn on Europe; for Germany, if once united, would tolerate no war of conquest. An army in which every second man is the father of a family is the best guarantee for the peace of the world. There need be no formal alliance between England and Germany. The two nations are one in all that is essential—in morality, in religion, in love of freedom, in respect for law. They are both hard workers, hard thinkers, and, where it must be, hard hitters too. In the whole history of modern Europe, Germany and England have never been at war; I feel convinced they never will be, they never can be."

THE THAMES EMBANKMENT.—The works at the end of Norfolk-street are being rapidly pushed on, and in the course of a few days there will be an opening from that street to the Embankment, meeting the principal one in that part of the strand. The approach over a subway which is being constructed will be by several arches, which will lead not only to the eastern and western portions of the Embankment, but to the stations of the Metropolitan District Railway.

THE ANGLO-AMERICAN AMBULANCE CORPS.—A correspondent, writing from Paris last Saturday, says:—"The Anglo-American Ambulance Corps left the Palais de l'Industrie this afternoon, at half-past four; and, if not the showiest, it was certainly the most amply 'founded' of any which had preceded it. The medical men attached to the American colony of Paris are numerous, and their experience of battle-fields renders them valuable auxiliaries at the present moment. The surgeon-in-chief, Dr. Syms, is a man of world-wide reputation, and he has around him an efficient staff of young surgeons anxious to take the field; but some agency hidden to the outside world seemed to paralyse all their efforts until the arrival of Dr. Frank, the delegate of the London society, who went to work with his usual energy. Selecting as surgeon-in-chief of the English society Dr. McCormac, of Belfast, who has been waiting since his return from Metz the formation of the American corps, he at once decided that English and Anglo-Americans should belong to it, that they should start at once. I examined the stores with interest, and the unpacking of the numerous packages of Dr. Frank created amazement, even in the vast hospital magazine of the Champs Élysées. Instruments of every kind, ether, carbolic acid, lint, dressings, oil-cloths, sufficient in quantity to make a death in the market. The start was accomplished with a certain amount of solemnity. Old Dr. Chenu assured the bystanders that it was with tears in his eyes he saw the representatives of the great English and American nations go out hand in hand to accomplish their mission of mercy; while Count Flavius, the president of the French Society, thanked them warmly in a few suitable words, adding that France would ever be grateful for the efficient aid thus rendered her at the moment of need. Then, amidst the cheers of all, the cortege left the place. The procession was headed by some of the officers, preceded for a time by the president, who for the first time identified himself with a public demonstration. Then the twenty 'Infirmiers' and three ladies, each carrying a flag—viz., that of France, England, and America—followed. The surgeons-in-chief—Drs. Syms, McCormac, and Frank—with assistant surgeons, dressers, waggons, saddle-horses, and led horses came after, everything being turned out in the very best style. Their reception along the line of boulevards was enthusiastic; and the dense crowds often stopped the march, and, cheering, threw in their mite, so that the society will not have made a bad day of it. Dr. Syms, detained by indispensable business, delegated his authority to Dr. McCormac; and thus the Anglo-American Ambulance Corps left for Metz, cheered at the railway station, not only by the good wishes of their friends, but by the railway officials."

WAR SKETCHES.

BAR-LE-DUC.

BAR-LE-DUC, or Bar-sur-Ornain, which has come into prominence from a report that it has been made the headquarters of the King of Prussia, is a considerable town in the department of the Meuse, and is situated about 125 miles east of Paris. The population numbers about 15,000. The town is the capital of an arrondissement of the same name. It has manufactures of cotton goods and calicoes, and a considerable trade in timber, wine, wool, and iron. It is much noted for its sweetmeats, and is a station on the Paris and Strasbourg Railway. The meeting between the King and his son, the Crown Prince of Prussia, the other day, did not take place in Bar-le-Duc itself, but at Ligny, not far off, and is described in the following terms in a letter just received:—"Where the large standard hangs out in the narrow street, and the sentries are always on guard, are the quarters of the Crown Prince of Prussia, the Commander-in-Chief of the Third German Army. You might have seen the whole staff of his Royal Highness before the door at about two o'clock, and you would have gathered from the excitement of the officers who kept the road clear that some event of importance was expected. Bullocks were hastily driven to one side, waggons were ordered off in no measured terms, everything spoke of busy preparation for the King's arrival. A way was made through the throng of vehicles, and the movement of the Bavarian columns was checked for a while. Now there appeared an escort of cavalry at full trot. Now an open carriage behind them. The General with the flat undress cap and grey moustache, leaning back in the carriage, was the chief man of all Germany: King William of Prussia himself. He passed quickly to his son's quarters, and alighted amid the cheers of the soldiery. If Napoleon could only have captured the house and the group on the pavement before it—

only!—but there is much virtue in the 'if.' Yonder tall, slightly-built officer, with the rather thin face, the bright penetrating eyes, and aquiline nose, is Von Moltke, who has out-maneuvred every opponent. Near him stands another man in uniform, a civilian rather than a soldier—if all Prussians were not rated as soldiers—Count Otto von Bismarck, the Chancellor of the North German Bund. He, too, is tall; and his firm, remarkable face is too well known to need a word of comment. Everyone knows, by photographs and pictures, the face of Count Bismarck. Well may the good folk of Ligny stare at these new arrivals. They are the movers of the great machine which has overthrown the French scheme of conquest and invasion."

CHALONS-SUR-MARNE.

A great change has come over Châlons-sur-Marne as well as over the camp at Mourmelon, a few miles off. A few days ago Châlons was the centre of vast military preparations under the direction of Marshal M'Mahon, and even for a few days under the eye of the Emperor himself (whose pretty little villa-like headquarters in the camp are shown in one of our Engravings); here was being organised and reorganised the army destined, as the French fondly hoped, to turn the tide of battle and deliver Paris and France from the presence of invaders. Whether this hope may yet be realised time will show; but in the meanwhile the town of Châlons and the camp at Mourmelon have both been deserted by the French, and were occupied almost immediately by German cavalry. The camp was burned, lest it should afford shelter to the enemy, not even the Emperor's villa being spared. As for the town, that has totally changed its aspect. The Prussians now rule where the French soldiers lately revelled; and (for it is impossible to separate Châlons in imagination from the camp in its immediate vicinity) the training-ground of the French army, where many a mimic fight took place and numerous bloodless laurels were won, is a waste.

Châlons is the capital of the department of the Marne, and stands in the open country on the right bank of the river of the same name, about ninety miles east of Paris. It is on the railway from Strasbourg to Paris and is the seat of a Bishopric. The city is divided by the river into three parts, and is crossed by several bridges, one of which, erected in 1787, is admired for its boldness and elegance, and has an elevation of 270ft. The public buildings are a handsome town-house, Gothic cathedral (built in the thirteenth century) several parish churches, three abbays that are now devoted to secular purposes, and some convents; there is a fine public walk. Manufactures—woollen, linen, and cotton goods. Both dyeing and tanning are carried on to a considerable extent. Population, 16,600.

THE EMPEROR'S RESTING-PLACE AT GRAVELOTTE.

A correspondent thus describes the Emperor's departure from Metz for Châlons:—

"On Sunday afternoon, Aug. 14, the Emperor, with an escort composed of the Cent Gardes, the Dragoons de l'Impératrice, and the Gendarmes, left Metz and went to Longeville-les-Metz, which must not be confounded with Longeville, near St. Avold. At Longeville the Emperor and his household encamped for the night. Early in the morning of Monday they were awake by cannon shots, and, rushing out of their tents, they beheld shells falling all about their encampment. Everything was bustle in a moment; his Majesty, the Prince Imperial, and the escort getting on horseback as quickly as possible. In the meanwhile the Prussian reconnaissance which had produced this alarm was driven back easily. The escort had not eaten anything but what they could pick up, in the way of dry crusts of bread, since they left Metz. But the most curious thing is that this retreat or flight of the Emperor was made through the very midst of the Prussian army, which was at Mars-la-Tour, where the battle took place next day. The Emperor and household troops did not know what danger they were in till afterwards, but they actually passed right through the Prussian army. It was at Gravelotte they slept that night. Nobody, except, perhaps, the Imperial party, had anything to eat the next morning. The horses were not fed, but managed to crop a little grass in the fields. On they rode again, that long escort winding its way along the sides of the hills which the road follows there. The composition of the escort was—first, a regiment of Chasseurs d'Afrique by fours, keeping, you may be sure, a sharp look-out; next came a peloton of Cent-Gardes, next the Emperor and his staff, another peloton of Cent-Gardes, three Imperial carriages, then four Cent-Gardes, and the regiment of the Dragoons de l'Impératrice. An episode of this retreat, which would make a striking picture, was when, having reached the side of a hill, where there is a kind of tumble-down cottage or 'auberge,' called Point-du-Jour, a halt was made, and the tired, jaded, and dejected old Emperor alighted, and was glad to rest at the door of the poor place, sitting on a rickety, coarse, straw-bottomed chair, his staff standing about him, and his little boy at his side. What must have been his feelings?"

PEASANTS' FLIGHT AFTER FORBACH.

In another column will be found an account of the stampede of country people into Paris; and if the reader will only make allowance for smaller numbers, more haste because more urgent fear, and for the greater poverty of the people, he will find in that description a vivid picture of the scene depicted in our Engraving of the flight of peasants into Metz after the battle between Saarbrück and Forbach. All the incidents are the same in kind, and differ only in magnitude.

TORPEDOES FOR THE RIVER WESER.

We have already stated in a previous Number that the Germans, under the direction of General Vogel von Falkenstein, had placed torpedoes at the mouths of the several Prussian rivers that flow into the North Sea and the Baltic; and we this week publish an Engraving showing the process of shipping these instruments for obstructing the navigation of the river Weser at Bremerhafen. It would appear, however, that these submarine explosive contrivances are not dangerous to an enemy only, for one of them exploded at Kiel the other day. The incident is thus described by an eye-witness:—"Yesterday (Aug. 11), at twelve o'clock mid-day, I went on board the Elbe, a small steamer, detached, to witness how our people lay the torpedoes. Three cables' length from the strand lies a powder-barge, with 8000lb. of powder on board. The torpedoes were charged upon it. The Elbe ranged herself alongside. On the barge's deck lay fourteen loaded torpedoes. The long-boat, which had followed us, and which carried fourteen hands, laid herself along the other side of the barge, and commenced shipping the torpedoes. After taking three of them on board they were to start in order to sink them. I leaned upon the boiler of the steam-boat and watched them at work, not without a secret shudder at the carelessness with which the sailors handled the terrible machines. There they lay in a row, shining in the sun, lacquered iron boilers. Upon each glistened a great white T. Involuntarily I thought to myself, that must stand for 'Tod'—Death. Two torpedoes were deposited in the long-boat; the anchor was being raised. There rang out a fearful detonation. Our eyes and faces were smothered with a hot volume; I felt a heavy stroke on the left shoulder—I knew not what had happened. I freed my eyesight and looked round. I was standing in a rain of falling timber, iron, flesh, and splinters of bone—then all was quiet. Shuddering, I rubbed my face; it was covered with fragments of flesh, so were my clothes; my cap was sprinkled with them. On the deck of the Elbe lay countless specks of flesh and bone splinterings; alongside, burning pieces of wood and clothing. The deck of the powder-barge was in like case. Instantly we put out the fire burning upon it, and looked further round. The long-boat had vanished, and with her seven men; three others lay sorely wounded on the barge, one with fractured leg and mangled features, another with shattered spine, several others bleeding from numerous wounds. Some were swimming in the water. What could be saved was saved, and the wounded brought on board the Elbe. The seven in the long-boat were literally torn to atoms. The two vessels were strewn with fragments of their bodies. The funnel of the Elbe had two holes, and the interior of the

fore-cabin was almost demolished. From the powder-barge pieces of planking were torn away. Had the 8000 lb. of powder but exploded, no boat, no trace of living soul would have remained. Have you any conception of our contact torpedoes? They consist of a torpedo iron vessel, charged with 100 lb. of powder, which, by means of iron bands, is fastened to an umbrella-shaped anchor. The fusee and lead piping are filled with priming; the torpedo swims in the middle of an air-filled space, some 10 ft. below the surface of the water, and so soon as a ship disturbs and strikes it the charge explodes. The torpedoes lie so thick together and in so many directions across the haven that no ship can pass uninjured; others of a different construction also lie there, which can be watched on shore and fired by electricity. The blow I mentioned on my shoulder lamed also my left arm. On looking closer I found my jacket and shirt pierced through, a wound in the shoulder, and two splinters of bone an inch long sticking in it—not my bones. It must have been a limb from one of the ill-fated ones which had struck me."

ON THE MARCH WITH PRINCE FRITZ.—LUNEVILLE.

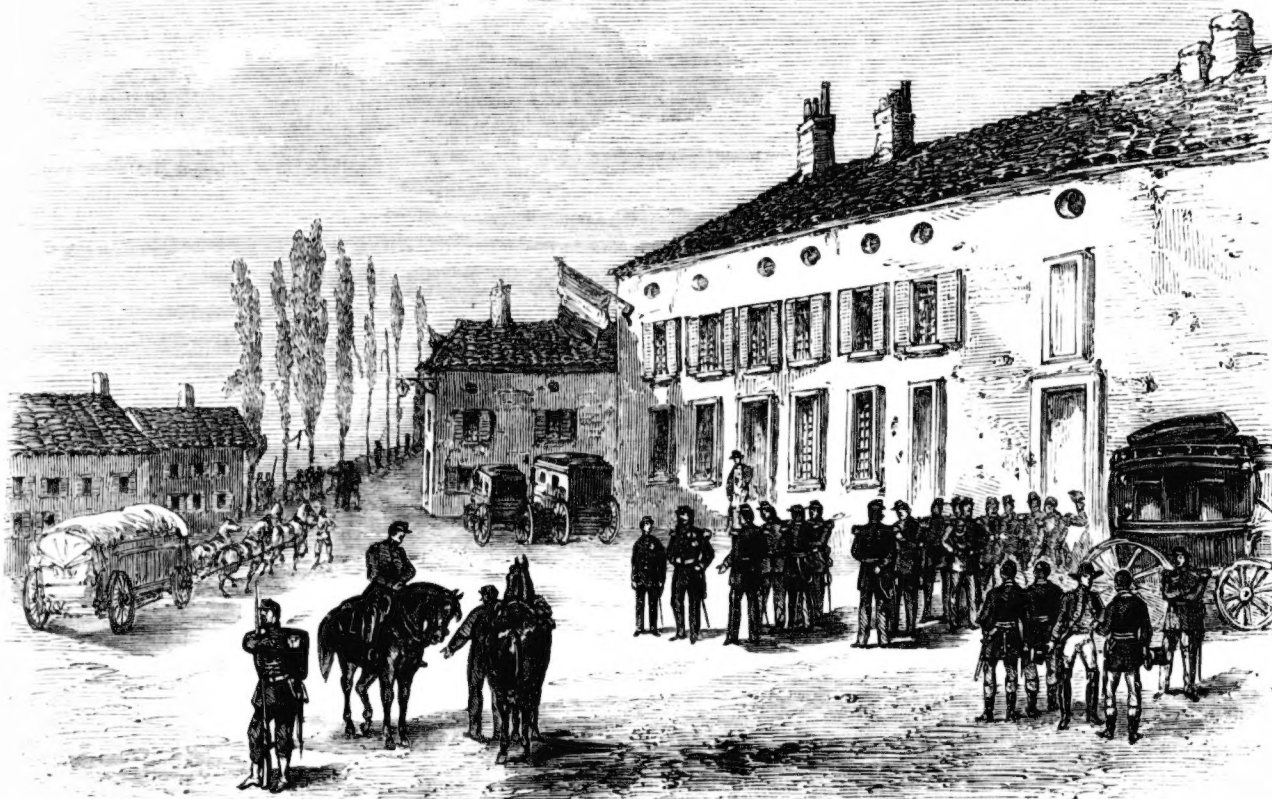
The aspect of a French town with the Germans in occupation is shown in our Engraving of Luneville while the head-quarters of the Third Army, and the subjoined description, from the letter of a *Daily News* correspondent, conveys a vivid notion of proceedings while on the march with Prince Fritz:—

"The Third Army, which led off with such brilliant success in the beginning of the war, has been waiting impatiently for its turn to come again. It is an army which shows France a very good picture of the united Germany that is arrayed against her. There are the sky-blue uniforms of the Bavarians, the darker colours of the Wurtemberg and Baden troops, and the spiked helmets of the Prussians mingled together in a common cause. All are full of zeal to distinguish themselves under the eyes of the Crown Prince, and all are impatient—in soldier-like fashion—to have as much fighting as possible. It has been the misfortune of France in this struggle to have been so much dreaded as a probable invader that she herself has been invaded with the energy of a great patriotic movement on her enemy's part. The German soldiers are even now as anxious to fight at any cost, and as prodigal of their lives in battle, as though they were making a stand upon the Rhine.

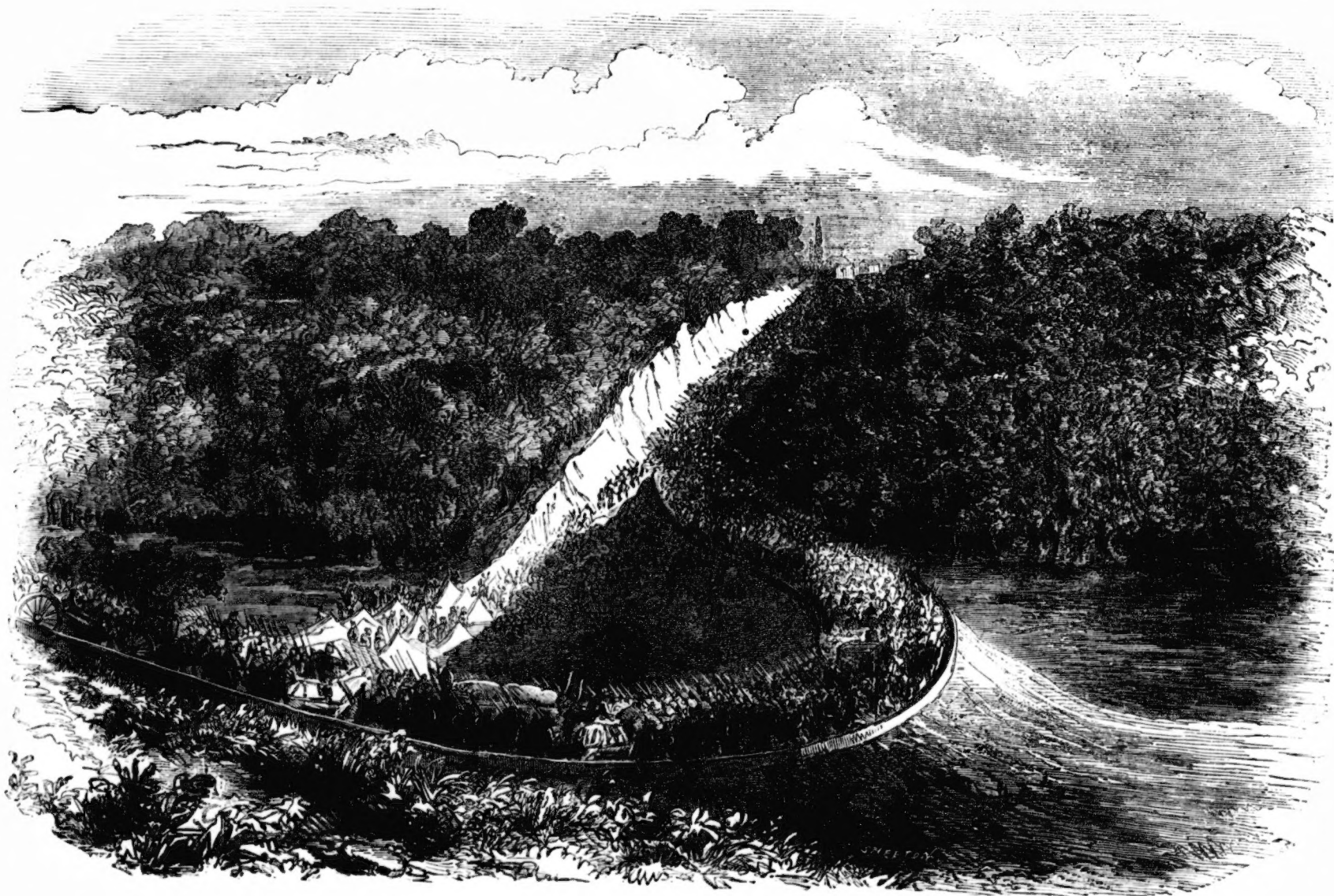
"Whilst there seemed a chance that Napoleon might win near Metz, that the desperate efforts of his Guard might turn the scale against the skill and spirit of the Prussians, it was necessary to hold the Third Army in ready to march northward. So whilst the battles were raging near Metz this army lay in the country about Nancy and Luneville, half expecting to be ordered up in support of the other German armies. Then came news of the defeat of the French by Steinmetz and Prince Frederick Charles. There was no longer any need to hesitate about invading central France, and a march was commenced of which you will soon hear the results. The roads are crowded with trains of ammunition-waggons, with stores of provisions, and with masses of infantry. Woe to the luckless wayside villages! woe to the farmers who have crops in wayside fields! There is no danger to life or limb among the peaceable inhabitants, but there is danger of being fairly eaten out of house and home. There is an unavoidable trampling down of crops in the fields where the soldiers pass; and there is such a demand for means of transport as leaves little chance to the farmer of keeping his horses for himself. He gets a receipt of some sort, in most cases. But no amount of paper security will comfort the average French

farmer in the present crisis. Poor man! It is such an unexpected blow. 'Why does the Emperor make war?' I have heard a dozen sad-looking men in blouses exclaim, 'if he knows not how to make it?' A plebiscite in the occupied districts at this moment would need no foreign pressure to be flooded with 'nons!'

"There is a straight and rapid march westward of the Third Army, supported by other troops. With-outseeking to set forth the details of the movement in any manner that could help the other side, I may put it down that more than 150,000 men, full of confidence, flushed with victory, and splendidly organised, are about to beat up the quarters of the French. Three or four columns are marching abreast on some of the roads. Two go by the road itself; and, in some cases, two more move through the fields to right and left, or at least one other column makes a way which is a little out of order serve the purpose of the moment. Great are the 'blocks' and crushes, tremendous the swearing at critical corners. But, on the whole, it is remarkable how well these columns are directed; how carefully they choose their routes through the invaded provinces. Wheels are rumbling and whips are cracking along many a road. The columns are halted to rest in some places, and there may be seen the bright bivouac fire twinkling in the fields, or long lines of horses standing silently at supper. Though many columns are halted, others are moving on. The road is still alive with military preparation. Do not fancy the pomp and circumstance of war as attending the march of the columns of supply. It is a pretty sight to see the lancers or dragoons who lead the invasion trotting over hill and dale, with every nerve strained to detect a possible foe. There is an impressive force about the advance of the dusty and tired infantry—the murmur of many voices and tramp of many feet passing forward, like a storm sighing in the woods. Even the weight and slowness of the guns has its own peculiar dignity. They are deadly weapons in charge of determined fighting men. But the innumerable columns of supply, the baggage and ammunition, the food and provender, are very prosaic, though very necessary. There are miles of hay-waggons—a good omen for cavalry horses. Further on are other miles of bread-waggons, of bacon and beef waggons. Horned cattle are led along by the score to become beef in due time; clothes



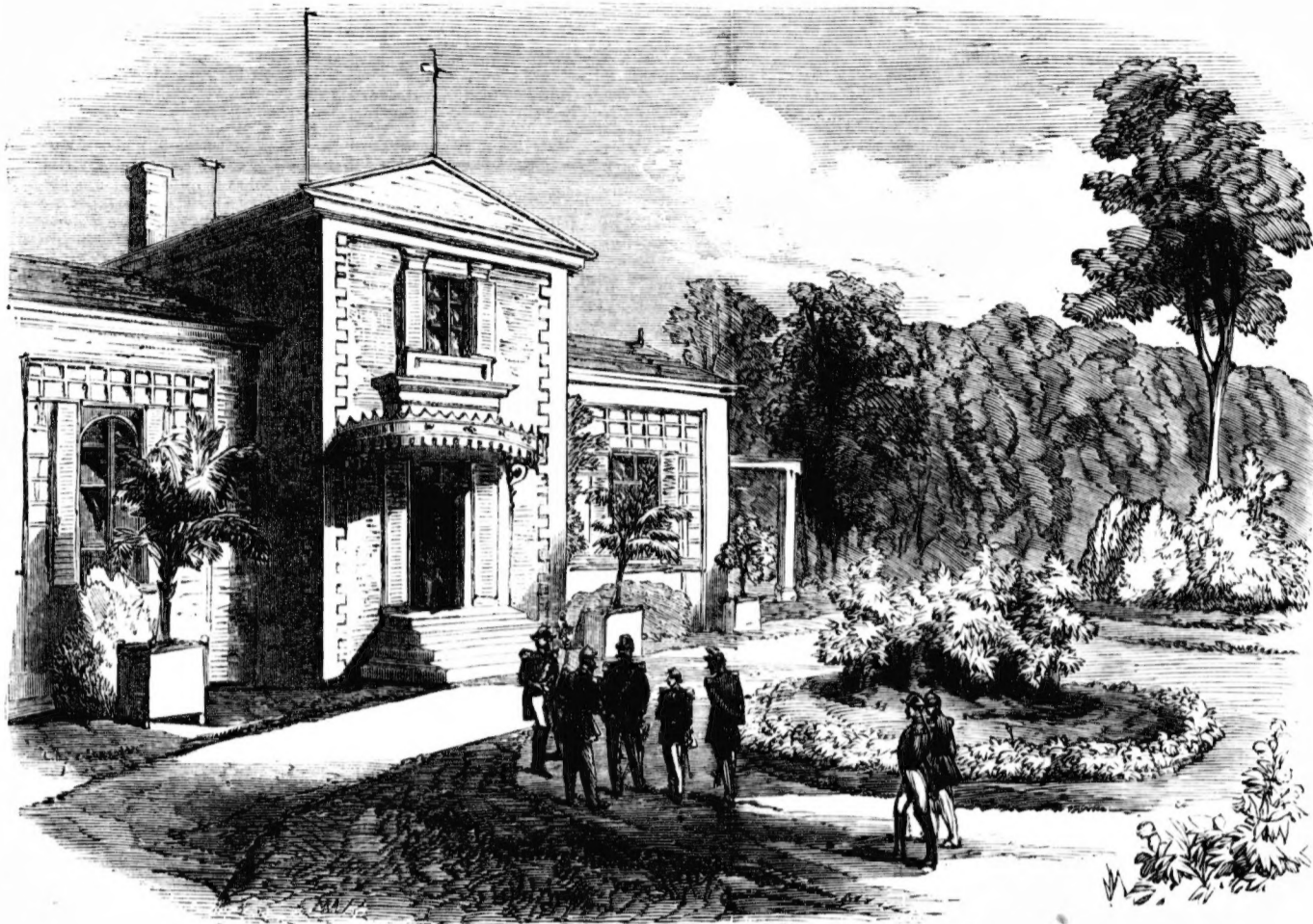
THE EMPEROR'S HEAD-QUARTERS AT GRAVELOTTÉ ON THE NIGHT OF AUG. 15.



THE BATTLE OF GRAVELOTTÉ: FRENCH TROOPS ON THE MARCH.

and equipments, medicine and blankets, are brought rumbling on into France. If the people were astonished at the earlier stages of the journey, they are now simply bewildered beyond all power of recovery. An avalanche has fallen upon them.

"One cannot see it for oneself, but the sight of the advancing host, as a wayside village sees it, from first to last, must be something to remember. The people will tell in a dreamy way how they heard that the Prussians were coming. There was news of them four, five, six days ago, as the case may be. Yes, *ma foi*! they heard that they were coming, but did not believe it. Then there was a party of lancers seen upon the road. The people wondered what would happen. Monsieur le Curé told them that in modern wars they did not kill those who remained quiet, so their confidence was enough to keep them at home. The village shop was shut, and everybody closed his door and peeped from the window. Now the lancers rode into the street, and a few came forward to the principal house—the Hôtel de Ville—if the place ranked as a 'bourg,' or small town. The soldiers asked for food and drink, said they would do no harm if they were not molested, and presently got off their horses. With details very slightly varying I have heard of this first entry in several places, and have heard how infantry soon began to come: one regiment—two, three, a dozen regiments. The bread was eaten, the wine was drunk, and the people were wellnigh ruined by feeding their guests. Were they bad fellows in their way? A delicate question this, and one to which a stranger can expect but a guarded answer. What sort of fellows were they, these invading soldiers? Oh! not very bad, if only they had not such dreadful appetites, and if they could make themselves understood. It is hard to be shaken and growled at in La Belle France itself for not speaking the language of the German Fatherland. It is harder still to have a slip of paper, negotiable Heaven knows when, instead of a good cart-horse or fat bullock. But the conquered people suffered far more in olden times. I feel sure that the



THE EMPEROR'S HEAD-QUARTERS AT CHALONS, AUG. 16.

French will be very angry and apt to magnify their ill-fortune, great as it is; and I think that the best thing which can be done is to state frankly the sort of injury endured by the peasants, the taking of cattle, and eating up of bread, whilst stating as frankly that I have heard no complaint of personal violence, and that the women do not seem at all afraid of the rough, loud-voiced fellows who swarm around them.

"The columns pour steadily on. We wonder what is being done for defence on the other side, and cannot but admire the little piece of defensive work which the garrison of Toul is doing close to us. Like Phalsburg, the city of Toul is a point of gallant resistance, but not in any way a rallying-point for the surrounding people. The fortress is held, and the enemy passes on without troubling himself to take it. Both at Phalsburg and at Toul there has been an experimental attack, which has given the garrison an opportunity of distinction. I should add that the French authorities seem disposed to avoid unnecessary destruc-

own story, and we need only add that if the peasants choose to take the war into their own hands they are quite at liberty to do so; but then they must be content to accept the consequences. If they become combatants they must reckon upon receiving combatants' treatment.

WOUNDED AT CHALONS.

The only other war sketch we have to notice represents a sad, and, unhappily, a much too common sight, both in France and Germany. The scene is the railway station at Chalons, while the soldiers of France held possession of the town, and the occasion the arrival of a convoy of wounded on its way to Paris or some other spot away from the front. The scene is painful enough, and yet the presence of sympathetic hearts and aidful hands lightens it somewhat; and it is pleasing to see that here, as elsewhere, the foremost in the work of relieving suffering and assuaging sorrow are the members of the sex that has least to do with causing wars and wounds.



FLIGHT OF PEASANTS TO METZ AFTER THE BATTLE OF FORBACH.

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PAUPER CHILDREN.

Plenty and to spare has been written about the tendency of modern times to abolish what are called class distinctions. But it is certain that the leaning of the political treatment of the destitute has been, and necessarily so, towards their isolation. It has seemed to be a necessary consequence of the stage of economic conditions through which we have been passing; but some of its collateral consequences have been sufficiently disastrous. It cannot be affirmed that our national treatment of the destitute, young or old, has been a great success.

It is an instructive thing to compare the very perfection of workhouse organisation with the sort of human material it turns out in the workhouse-bred pauper, especially the girl. The buildings may be clean; the food may be good and plentiful; the master and matron may be kind; the doctor may be watchful; the chaplain may be a paragon of pious beneficence; the guardians may be angels in their way; and yet the young paupers turned out upon the world by the process of workhouse training, perfect in its way, may be utter failures compared with the social circumstances by which, on leaving the poor-house, they are to be surrounded. Think of a servant-girl, trained in a workhouse, placing the potatoes on the table in the saucepan because she knew no better! Another does not know the use of a meat-jack. Another has nothing in her head to lead her to the conclusion that if you lift up a child by the hands you may dislocate its wrists. Almost every one of them has a notion that "master" and "missis" are natural enemies. And, not least important, the possession of a small sum of money, which she is free to spend for herself, is such an intoxicating circumstance to a workhouse-bred girl that she is sure to squander it on follies, when she has, perhaps, no change of linen for her poor shoulders. In all this we are leaving out of account the darker, but not least common, features in the picture. Most workhouse-bred girls are dishonest; and how should they be otherwise? Honesty, as it works in society, is a thing of very complex growth. It does not spring up full-sized in a rude, coarse nature when the possessor of this nature has been told a certain number of times that you must not take what does not belong to you. It is a slow growth from a variety of conditions, in which kindness, attachment, and freedom of action play an important part.

In a word, out of society the social virtues will not grow. Domestic qualities, even the humblest, must have a home-root to them, and especially is this true of such waifs and strays of civilisation as are usually trained in workhouses. Most people will, we believe, be very glad to find that Mr. Goschen, the President of the Poor-Law Board, has met with a welcome, which certainly cannot be called hasty, but which may be none the worse for its deliberateness and caution, the proposal made to him by some English ladies not very long ago to try in England and Wales the Scottish system of boarding out in families willing to receive them pauper and deserted children. The risks of the plan are obvious, but they are not greater than the proved evils of the existing system, and they can for the most part be guarded against by proper inspection. In that inspection English ladies are to take a large share, and in their hands it will undoubtedly prove effectual.

FISTICUFFS AND MANSLAUGHTER.

There is no reason whatever why fighting with the fists should not be placed in the same category as fighting with sword or pistol; and it cannot be too widely known or too well remembered that a verdict of "Manslaughter" has been returned against a man whose antagonist in a street fight with the fists met his death through a fall which, being caused by a blow, brought his skull into heavy contact with the pavement. The fight was "all about the war," upon which the two men engaged happened to differ in opinion. There is no reason whatever why all infliction of personal injury that does not arise in positively-necessitated fights in self-defence or fair defence of others should not rank with criminal injuries of different recognised orders, up to manslaughter and murder; and every humane person must be anxious to see the principle fearlessly and generally recognised and made known among working men, and even among boys, that whoever fights at all, except in self-defence, does it at the risk of a criminal prosecution.

SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

THE QUEEN OF GREECE gave birth, on Tuesday, to a Princess, who received the name of Alexandra.

THE KING OF PRUSSIA, on the night of the 16th, slept on the field among his troops, and was very well pleased to get a plate of rice soup from a neighbouring camp-kettle, after a day—sixteen hours, some say—on horseback, and that at the age of seventy-three.

THE COUNT DE CHAMBORD has written a letter in which he says that, being prevented as an exile from fighting for France, he offers her wounded soldiers his château of Chambord as an asylum.

PRINCE NAPOLEON, being in company with some Italian statesmen, the other day, is said to have turned to one of them suddenly, and exclaimed, "It is you, gentlemen, you, who are ruining France. A general war would have saved us; a war confined to Prussia will be our ruin, and the intervention of Italy in our favour would have provoked a general war."

THE MARCHIONESS OF LANSDOWNE gave birth to a daughter, on Saturday last, at Bowood, Wilts. The Duchess of Abercorn has arrived on a visit to her Ladyship, from Lamlington.

THE ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY is at present on a visit to his brother, Sheriff Tait, at Montague Cottage, Clackmannanshire. His Grace enjoys good health and is in excellent spirits.

LORD BURY, M.P., is gazetted a Knight Commander of the Order of St. Michael and St. George.

THE EARL OF ABERDEEN, according to information received by the family, has been drowned while on a passage from America to Melbourne. The noble Earl, who was in his twenty-ninth year, was a grandson of the statesman who filled the office of Prime Minister at the time of the Russian War, and was a son of the fifth Earl, better known as Lord Haddo. He is succeeded in the title by his brother, the Hon. John Campbell Gordon, who was born in 1847.

THE VERY REV. DR. THOMAS CARSON, the present Dean of Kilmore, has been promoted to the vacant Bishopric of that see. The emoluments of the see will lapse to the State at the end of the present year.

MR. JAMES HOWARD, M.P., in addressing a gathering of his constituents at Belford, spoke from personal experience of the unpopularity of the war amongst the masses of the rural population of France. The people were most anxious to cultivate the arts of peace.

SIR R. BAGGALLAY, Q.C., who represented Hereford in the Conservative interest from 1865 to 1868, will come forward for Mid-Surrey, in the room of the Hon. W. Brodric, now Viscount Middleton. Sir Richard was Solicitor-General for a few weeks in the autumn of 1868, and received the customary honour of knighthood on going to Windsor to resign office.

GARIBOLDI has written a letter in which he protests against the refusal of the Italian Government to send troops to Rome. He thinks that the defeat of Louis Napoleon is a victory for all nations that have been betrayed, and a lesson for Italy, which she will do well to put to heart.

MRS. WHITEHEAD, wife of Captain Whitehead, of Loutham Hall, Suffolk, is assisting in nursing wounded soldiers at the seat of war. Miss Pease, sister of Mrs. Walford Gossall, of Ipswich, has also left England on the same benevolent errand.

THE LATE MR. JOHN ABBOTT, of HALIFAX, has left by will £50,000 to various charitable institutions. Another £10,000 is to be devoted to the founding of five scholarships of £200 each at the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge.

THE MAYORS OF NANCY, CHALONS, AND EPERNAY, who recommended the inhabitants of their towns to offer no opposition to the Germans, have been dismissed from their posts.

INSPECTOR PENN, in trying to jump from the platform on to an engine at Blackfriars station, on Monday, missed his footing, and was run over. He died shortly afterwards.

THE STENCH arising from the dead horses at Gravelotte is perceptible a mile and more distant.

THE CLUBHOUSE OF THE JUNIOR UNITED SERVICE CLUB, in Charles-street, St. James's, is now closed, preparatory to the partial rebuilding and entire redecoration and refurnishing of the interior. The cost of reconstruction and embellishment will amount to over £20,000.

THE RED RIVER EXPEDITION reached Fort Francis on Aug. 4. All well. Telegrams received from Fort Garry announce that advance parties had reached Lake Winnipeg, and were expected at Fort Garry on Aug. 20.

M. ROUHER paid a visit to the Emperor at Rheims a few days ago; and ever since, his organ, the *Public*, has been engaged in throwing all the blame of the recent disasters on the Ollivier Ministry. Ollivier may have much to answer for; but it must be remembered that when he took office the Emperor insisted on not changing his executive Ministers Lebon and Rigault de Genouilly.

M. ROCHEFORT, lest he should be rescued by the populace, has been transferred from the St. Pélagie prison to Vincennes.

THE GREAT RAILWAY COMPANIES contemplate moving their central offices from Paris. The question of a removal of the seat of government has already been mooted, and Lyons is spoken of for such a purpose.

THE COUNTY MAGISTRATES sitting at Shrewsbury have fined four beerhouse keepers and publicans for selling ale adulterated with salt in the proportion of from thirty to thirty-six grains to the gallon. A grocer has been fined by the same bench for selling "tea" adulterated with iron filings.

TWO TRUCKS OF HAY in a goods-train were set on fire by a spark from the engine while passing through a tunnel on the Midland Railway, near Dronfield. The train continued to run until it reached Beauchief, when the flames were extinguished. The damage is estimated at £400.

A FEAST OF FAT MEN took place at Norwalk, Connecticut, U.S., on Aug. 4. No one was admitted who did not turn the scale at 200 lb. Ninety persons came up to the standard. Their aggregate weight was 21,181 lb. The weightiest man was from New York; his counterpoise was 312 lb. The combined weight of C. W. Bradley, wife, and son was 700 lb.

THE MANAGERS OF THE CENTRAL LONDON SICK ASYLUM DISTRICT have appointed Mr. Thomas S. Dowse to be medical superintendent of the new infirmary, at Highgate; the salary, £400 per annum, with unfurnished house, coal, and gas. Mr. George Thorne has been appointed assistant medical officer; salary, £100 per annum, and rations. Mr. H. N. Lewis has been appointed steward; salary, £150 per annum, with board and lodging.

GEORGE DYER, who early in the present year surrendered to the metropolitan police, confessing that he committed a murder some years ago in Australia, has been committed for trial by the presiding magistrate at Bow-street Police Court. Dyer now denies all knowledge of the crime.

M. ISAMBERT, a correspondent of the *Temps*, who had been missing for several days, writes to announce his safety. He was, it appears, imprisoned for a week at Rethel as a Prussian spy.

TWO OTHER CANDIDATES, in addition to those already announced for the vacancy caused by the death of Sir John Thwaites, will be put in competition; both are members of the board. Mr. Robert Taylor, chairman of Lambeth Vestry, is the one; and Mr. Charles Stuart Barker, auctioneer, of Newington Vestry, is the other.

THE COMMISSION appointed to inquire into the truck system and the alleged systematic disregard of the Act which prohibits in certain trades the payment of wages in kind, commenced its labours recently at Hamilton. The Commissioners are Mr. C. S. Bowen, barrister; Mr. A. C. Sellar, advocate; and the secretary, Mr. R. S. Wright, barrister.

JOHN CARPENTER CARVER, who, at the Guildford Assizes, was convicted of the murder of his wife and sentenced to death, has received Her Majesty's pardon. It is believed that the unfortunate woman's death was the result of an accident.

LIEUTENANT HART, an alleged Prussian spy, was shot in Paris, on the square before the Ecole Militaire, last Saturday morning, at six o'clock.

A NEW EDITION OF MR. WALFORD'S "COUNTY FAMILIES" is published this week by Mr. Hardwicke, of Piccadilly. It is dedicated, by permission, to H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, who figures in its pages as a Norfolk landowner.

THE ENGLISH POST OFFICE, in view of the possibility of the route for mails through Paris being temporarily suspended, wrote to the Post Office of France on the subject, and has received an assurance that, in such an eventuality, no sacrifice on the part of the French Post Office would be spared to procure as rapid and regular a transmission of the English mails as circumstances would permit, and that sufficient notice would be given as to the route they propose to adopt.

NEARLY 400 OXEN arrived in the Southampton Docks from Portugal on Saturday. They were intended for the English market, and would have fetched about £25 each. They were all purchased, however, by an agent for the French Government at about £30 each and sent to France. About £11,000 was paid for them. Butchers' meat has risen in price in Southampton in consequence of the large exportation of cattle from that port to France.

M. LISSAGNEY, a political ally of M. Rochefort, though a cousin of Paul de Cassagnac, who had ventured to come to Paris from Brussels in the expectation of a revolutionary movement, has been arrested and consigned to prison, pursuant to a judgment for a press offence scored up against him some time ago. He was denounced to the police by M. Paul de Cassagnac.

PRINCE PIERRE BONAPARTE has been loyally working for the dynasty in Corsica. He has recruited there an army of 600 Corsican spies, who, gradually, in small parties, have all arrived at Marseilles. Their mission is to spread themselves about the country and inculcate the idea that the Emperor, who has been deceived and betrayed by Emile Ollivier and certain Generals, will yet be the saviour of France; and that, as a proof of his single-minded honesty, he is quite ready, in pursuance of his invariable principles, to submit his case to another plebiscite.

THE LOUNGER.

I SAW in the *Times*, the other day, the announcement of the death of Lord Willoughby de Eresby, the Joint Hereditary Great Chamberlain of England. The Barony of Willoughby de Eresby is one of the oldest in England. It was created in 1313, 557 years ago, when Edward II. was King. The word "joint" may puzzle some of my readers, and I may as well explain what it means. The office of Hereditary Great Chamberlain is held jointly by the Barons Willoughby de Eresby and the Marquises of Cholmondeley (pronounced Chumley), or in succession rather than jointly, as the two families do not hold it at the same time; but in succession—that is to say, each holds it for a reign. The late Baron Willoughby de Eresby has left no issue; indeed, was never married. But the title is not extinct; it descends to his Lordship's sister, the Dowager Lady Clementina Elizabeth, widow of the first Baron Aveland. What, under such circumstances, becomes of the office of Lord Great Chamberlain, I, having few books here to consult, cannot exactly say; but I suppose the office will go with the title. Perhaps, though, her Ladyship's son, Baron Aveland, will have it; but it does not much matter. In times long gone by, no doubt, the Great Chamberlain was a high officer of State, having important duties to perform; but now I take it he, like the Hereditary Champion, the Hereditary Earl Marshal, and the Chief Butler of England, is a mere antique gilded ornament of the throne, with very little to do. This office of Great Chamberlain must not be confounded with that of the Lord Chamberlain, held by Viscount Sydney. He is at the head of the Lord Chamberlain's department in the Queen's household, and his duties must be, one would think, very onerous, if he really has to superintend all the people in that department, for, as we can see by a glance at the list, there must be some hundreds of them. About the deceased Great Chamberlain nothing need be said. Indeed, the less that is said the better. And so drop the curtain, and forget him for evermore. Indeed, his Lordship has left no memorial behind, except a wonderful breed of pug-dogs, called the Gwydyr pugs, one seen advertised in the papers, so called because they were bred personally by his Lordship at his seat "Gwydyr," near Llanrwst, in Carnarvonshire.

Lord Elcho is the slave of a fixed idea, which buzzes about his ears like a bee in his bonnet. This fixed idea has tyrannised over him for many years—ever since, I think, he took to soldiering, as an officer of volunteers. His idea is that we want more soldiers; ever more and more. He is never satisfied—is, indeed, insatiable. Some twenty years ago we had but few soldiers in our island—some 40,000 regulars, and some 100,000 militiamen and yeomanry, when called out. Then came the invasion panic, and the consequent volunteer movement, which in a few years added some 130,000 to our available soldiery. But even then his Lordship was not satisfied. Still he cried out for more. Now, according to the *Times* of Tuesday, our military strength stands as follows:—Troops of the Line, 179,000; army reserve, class 1, 3000; ditto, class 2, 20,000; militia, 134,037; yeomanry cavalry, 17,108; volunteers, 136,281; volunteer artillery, 33,813; total, 523,239—that is, half a million twenty-three thousand two hundred and thirty-nine, all of which are at home, except some 90,000 in India or other stations abroad. But his Lordship is not even now satisfied. He still wants more. In short, he wants to make every man in England under fifty a soldier. When his Lordship first broached this idea in the House, he could hardly get a patient hearing. But by sheer force of iteration he has gained ground, and now the *Times* has pronounced for this idea, and the *Spectator*, and possibly other papers, which here, at a distance from town, I do not see. That is to say, England which is surrounded by the ocean, and possesses the most powerful fleet in the world, ought to have, so say these authorities, as large an army as Prussia and France each have, though they are separated from each other and from other nations only by invisible boundaries. Really, when one thinks of this, it is almost impossible not to suspect that the people who thus write are losing their heads. If there be any danger of invasion let us increase our Navy, for against invasion we always did, and always ought, to look to our Navy as our most powerful arm. "Give me ships enough," I heard old Charley Napier say, "and I will guarantee that no army lands on our shores." And when Lord Palmerston told us that "steam had bridged the Channel," the gallant Admiral laughed at the notion, and asserted that steam had made it more difficult than ever for an enemy to land troops here. When men are under the influence of panic, the blunders which they make are wonderful. Even the Great Duke himself could not, at such times, keep his head cool and clear. During an invasion panic he asserted in print that there are not ten miles of our coast on which an enemy cannot land forces at any state of the tide. Whereupon an old Admiral in the House declared that there are not ten miles of our coast on to which, at any state of the tide, an army can be landed. But, curious enough, though we have some 450,000 soldiers at home, we have, say these authorities, no army; and I dare to say they are right. But, if this be so, why is it so? and, further, if, with nearly half a million of men, we have no army, should we be better off were we to have a quarter of a million more? Surely before the House of Commons grants more soldiers it has a right to ask that what we have shall be properly organised into an army. But again I ask, if we have no army, why is it? Lord Elcho knows the reason why, as every sensible man does. Our military government is rotten to the core, and we have no men of sufficient genius or courage to reform it. That is the reason why. What a pass this is for England to come to! Some half million of men, and, according to these authorities, no army, properly so called! But it may be said there are, at all events, the 179,000 regulars; surely they form a good and efficient army. No; they do not—at least, so say these critics. They are not half instructed, and, unless matters have improved since the Crimean war, they are not well commanded. And as to the militia and volunteers, Heaven help them if, officered as they are now, they would have to meet an enemy! Is there, then, no hope that this rotten military system of ours will be reformed? I confess I discern not a glimmering. In the House of Commons there are many members who know that the system is rotten; but there is not a man known to me capable and willing to undertake the Herculean labour of reforming it. Thank God! though, our Navy is efficient and trustworthy, and that always was, is, and ever must be, our great bulwark against an invasion.

Gray, the poet, tells us that when he turned round and looked back at the Keswick vale, as he was leaving it, it appeared so beautiful that he was strongly inclined to stay; and I do not wonder that he had this inclination, for this valley is, I really must think, the most beautiful in the lake district. Six years ago I was located here for a month; but the impressions which it then made upon me had, when I determined to revisit it, somewhat faded from my mind; but now they are all revived, and so deepened that I do not think old Tempus Edax will ever be able to destroy them. Last Sunday was just the day to see the lake scenery. It was wild, cloudy—with every now and then sharp showers; and that tumult of mountain around Derwentwater, aided by the clouds and the sunshine, got up for me as I looked through my window or walked out in the intervals of fine weather, especially when the sun was getting low, an exhibition which, knowing as I do somewhat of the resources of Nature, and what wonders she can achieve in this way, I confess astonished me. I have spoken of a tumult of mountains. It is an odd expression; but, if my readers could but see that mass before me as I saw it last Sunday, they would at once know what I mean. At times, in stormy weather, seen through a thin haze, you might almost fancy that the mass, instead of being solid mountains, was really a tumultuous, stormy sea. On Sunday the fantastic tricks which they played were to me very wonderful. At times they were bathed in clear sunlight; anon, a peak—say the highest peak of Cat Bells, for instance—would fold round its head a turban of white cloud, which, whilst you were looking at it, would drop down to the waist of the

mountain and enfold it as a girdle, leaving the head glittering above in golden sunshine. Once I saw a huge mountain mass assume the colour of dark chocolate; whilst another in close proximity was a glorious purple; and at the same time, a mile or so off, two mountains, with the valley between, were bright with sunlight—marbled, though, if I may use that expression (marbled as paper is), with the shadows of thin passing clouds above. Skiddaw is very fond of arraying himself in this way. He is even now, whilst I write, thus garbed. He is a grand old fellow. I am never tired of looking at him; but on Sunday his appearance at times was terrible, for on that day his head and breast were enveloped in huge folds of black, rolling, wrathful clouds. But this would not last long; in a few minutes you would perceive a change of scene, and, presently, he would throw off the dark robe with which he had for a time concealed his beauties—the red heather on his breast, the sheep browsing on his slopes, and the smiling fields which belong to the farmers living in those white farmhouses at his base.

After all the fuss about the mitrailleuse, and the "bombarde," and the chapepot, it is truly ludicrous to read M. Edmond About's lachrymose reproaches of the "terrible" Prussian guns. It is as if the "cock of the school" should suddenly begin to whimper and say, "Hit one of your own size, do!" to an assailant whom he had just before declared to be an unequal one. Nor is that an exaggeration. Other French journalists have declared that France was unprepared for war, and did not contemplate it. "The proof is before you," say they. "It was Germany who caused the war, for she was prepared for it." This is excellent. In March, 1868, the King of Prussia prorogued the German Parliament in words full of assurances of peace. In the same month M. Rouher, on bringing in a bill for fixing the contingent of the French army at 100,000, also stated that the relations of France with foreign Powers were excellent. But on the same day Marshal Niel said this:—"Next spring the whole French army will be armed with the new rifle, the most perfect known. In consequence of its adoption in France, all the other Powers are obliged to reform their armaments. France has two years' start of them, which is a great thing, considering the events which have been accomplished in Europe." Now, observe what M. Rouher said in his address to the Emperor, on July 16:—"The dignity of France has been disregarded. Your Majesty draws the sword. Your Majesty was able to wait, but has occupied the last four years in perfecting the armament and the organisation of the army." "Out of thine own mouth will I judge thee, thou wicked servant."

Alterations in feeling and opinion seem to be as marked among the French, and especially among French journalists, as are the vicissitudes in the political history of their country. At one moment they are full of confidence, discounting victories yet to be won, planning rearrangements of the map of Europe, and denouncing woes unutterable upon all who shall say them nay. At another, they are well-nigh in despair; the country is ruined and betrayed, the armies are sacrificed to treachery, incompetence, and peculation in high places. The Emperor is vituperated; Marshal Leboeuf is denounced as a traitor, his wife and other ladies of position are included in the denunciation, and their imprisonment, exile, or death is demanded. At a third, without any apparent reason—on the contrary, with many reasons why they should be depressed and serious—they once more bound into the regions of gaiety, elation, jubilation, confidence. "Hope springs eternal" in a French journalist's breast; and if you won't take his word for it that his country's arms have won great victories—if you prefer facts to his assertions—all the worse for you; he is ready to pity your dulness in not being able to see things with his eyes, and is prepared to promise victories enough and to spare, look you, to satisfy even your English crassness of stupidity—when certain impossible combinations are effected, when France has risen in her might, and so on. I like this revivifying quality of the Gallic mind; I admire men who refuse under any circumstances to despair of their country; but I should like to see a little more sobriety mixed with the confidence, a little more steadiness mingled with the hope, a little more looking of facts in the face combined with the resolution to brave all eventualities. It was not in this spirit of light-hearted levity that the old Romans, whom the French affect to imitate so much, sustained themselves in the hours of their country's adversity. Here have French armies been beaten again and again; here is a large portion of French territory overrun by foreigners whom France had threatened, defied, and challenged; and yet French journalists keep on telling stories of combats that were never fought, boasting of victories never gained, and threatening retributions seemingly utterly beyond the power of France to inflict. While, too, they have no authentic information as to what their own Generals are doing, or intend to do, they affect to know all that occurs in the secret councils of their enemies. General Steinmetz has been disgraced and his army corps—or the miserable fragment Bazaine had left of it—broken up and the men distributed among other regiments to conceal their woful plight; all the German leaders, again, have advised an immediate retreat into Fatherland, feeling certain that if they do not retire now they will never do so at all, seeing that in a few days—nay, a few hours—they must be inevitably "catawampusly chawed up," to borrow a Yankeeism for the nonce, by those terrible French armies which never exist except in the columns of Parisian journals. All this would be sublime if it were not a little ridiculous. Take M. Edmond About, for example, as a type of the French journalist, as he is perhaps the most piquant, if not the most profound, among them. A few weeks ago M. About was the most jocular of the jocular; he was going right on to Berlin with the Emperor, who was the greatest of living commanders, at the head of the most invincible of living armies. No praise was too high for his Majesty when he first arrived at Metz, no laudation too fulsome when he performed that theatrical coup at Saarbrück and gave the Prince Imperial his famous "baptism of fire." Over that affair M. About blew a shrill blast of triumph in his penny trumpet, the *Soir*. Four days elapse, and then comes the rout of Forbach, when M. About feels sad of heart, dazed in head, benumbed of hand, unable to write. While so stricken, he hears of Würth, rushes off to look to his home at Saverne (a very natural and proper thing to do, for his wife and children are supposed to be there), which he finds in the hands of the Prussians, tolerably decent fellows who know their business well, as he reports them. M. About is lost to sight, though to memory dear, for a whole week; and when he at last emerges from his obscurity, it is to rail in good set terms at the Emperor and all his subordinates, save Marshal M'Mahon, who having asked M. About to praise the morale of his broken army, he praises it accordingly, and the morale of Marshal M'Mahon to boot, though seemingly neither troops nor commander had much morale left to speak of. A few days more pass; M. About reaches Paris; and there, safe from the Prussians (for the time at least), "Viva, vivissima!" M. About is cock-a-hoop again; vituperates the Germans as "vermin," and threatens them and all who aid, abet, or sympathise with them—all, in fact, who don't fly to help France—with, oh! such terrible vengeance by-and-by! Just look at the ebullition of wild rage published by M. About in the *Soir* the other day: is not that a scurvy song to sing to a great people in their day of trouble? Seriously, is not all this very absurd? and would not Frenchmen be much more likely to retrieve their country's disasters were they and their journalists to calmly try to realise the actual state of affairs; to look their difficulties fully in the face, and brace themselves up for the efforts the crisis calls for, instead of indulging in wretched fanfaronade and screams of futile abuse? It would be well, too, if the few partisans of France in the English press would give over threatening us with French wrath to come. Englishmen don't like being bullied, as the *Standard*, for instance, very well knows; they will have their opinions, and express them, let who will say them nay; and the *Standard* may just as well abandon its Cassandra-like vaticinations as it has all but relinquished its hopes of French military successes and its

efforts at making black appear to be white in reporting and commenting on the occurrences of the war.

The last fragment of Dickens's last work has now been published, with the following note appended:—"All that was left in manuscript of 'Edwin Drood' is contained in the number now published—the sixth. Its last entire page had not been written two hours when the event occurred which one very touching passage in it (grave and sad, but also cheerful and reassuring) might seem almost to have anticipated. The only notes in reference to the story that have since been found concern that portion of it exclusively which is treated in the earlier numbers. Beyond the clues therein afforded to its conduct or catastrophe, nothing whatever remains; and it is believed that what the author would himself have most desired is done in placing before the reader, without further note or suggestion, the fragment of 'The Mystery of Edwin Drood.' Aug. 12, 1870." What we have got of this work only makes us feel how much we have lost in not receiving the remainder. But we must be content, in the absence of a finished performance, with the indications of a grand design. A portrait of Dickens is prefixed, and on the titlepage there is a vignette view of Rochester cathedral towers.

A LOUNGE IN THE KYLES OF BUTE.

Amidst the terrible reports of war and devastation that come with every new telegram it may be satisfactory, Mr. Editor, to know that Scotland stands where it did, and that if tourists who have become a little envious of the Rhine and look back only with moderate regret to their last voyage on the Moselle would for once take the train to Glasgow, the steam-boat to R-the-ay, and thence lose themselves among the green and purple tinted hills that frame the chain of lochs about Bute and Arran, they would find that there is after all something to see in those islands within an island which make Great Britain so full of the beauty that comes of "the ever-changing changeless sea." Possibly a fastidious voyager might have taken some exception to the vast human cargo that crowded the Iona last Saturday morning, when a few score anxious travellers by the early train stood on the pier at Greenock, and your Lounger forbore to follow his usual occupation because there was nothing to lounge against that was not a little grimy with the smoky mist that seems to overhang the Clyde at that busy town. The Scotch, Sir, are an energetic people; some of the elderly ladies who go for a day's outing being especially distinguished for a serene sense of personal strength in the way they walk onward without regarding such trifling obstacles as a trunk or two, human or otherwise. I have noticed the same determined spirit in other parts of the world, but without that superb calm and self-sustenance which distinguishes my northern countrywomen. Even the Glasgow rough has something of the same expression of simple surprise that anybody should be discomfited by casual obstacles. One of them, a brawny lad, who unconsciously was inserting the bowl of a dirty "cutty" in my beard, met my slight objections with such a wondering "What's wrang wi' ye?" proffered in a tone of pity for fastidious weakness, that I nearly forgave him on the spot. It was a great sight, that Iona, filled with human beings, who stood and sat all over its vast decks and gangways like ants clustered on a floating log. The Chancellor of the Exchequer, who was my fellow-passenger, didn't seem to mind it. He was on his way to the Kyles, and looked so athletically amiable that I felt moved to offer him on the spot certain sums of unpaid income tax which may one day be noted in the *Times* under an initial; but the crowd was too dense for me to reach him before I had to look after my luggage, and, amidst a small fleet of row-boats, gigs, cutters, and excursion-boats freighted with pleasure-seekers, allow myself to be hustled up a steep gangway to the pier at Rothsay Harbour. I was bound for the Queen's Hotel, whence a boat rowed by a couple of sturdy barefooted boys, and steered by the rosy little daughter of mine host, was ready to carry me on board the Northumbria, S.S., R.Y.S., for yachts take their degrees, and this was the style and title of the vessel whose presence in Rothsay Bay had caused the human current to set so strongly from Glasgow to the Kyles. To say that the Glen Caladh regatta was to be held there, with seventeen matches for yachts, skiffs, jolly-boats, fishing-smacks, and all kinds of craft, may at first sight be only equivalent to remarking incidentally that it was a regatta day for the Island of Bute; but it meant a good deal more than that to the hardy fishermen whose homes dot the margins of the green, brown, and purple hills and granite cliffs that frame the watery mirrors stretching from Bute to Loch Fyne.

It is to Mr. G. R. Stephenson, whose encouragement of improvements in the rig and build of boats and the better training of their crews is a part of his professional association with achievements in other kinds of locomotion, that the people of the Kyles owe this annual observance. Four years ago, when he took up his summer residence at Glen Caladh, he set to work to give an impulse to the rather slow movements of the honest toilers of the sea in that region, and now the result of his efforts is to be seen in the abandonment of some old prejudices and the adoption of many improvements. There was such a rigging, and canvassing, and scraping, and new sparring going on about the island coasts for a week or two before Saturday as completely astonished that most respectable authority the oldest inhabitant; and when the first gun was fired from the Northumbria, and was echoed from its trim companion the sailing-yacht St. Lawrence, the vessels that stood off ready for the race would have done credit to any seaport in England, and were well manned by smart crews, who were ready to up with anchor and sails, and skim away like sea-birds for the first prizes of 30 guineas. Glasgow was interested, and the Lord Provost, with the Lady Provost—if there be such a title—represented her on board the Northumbria. The oldest of all the yacht squadrons had a duty to recognise; and the Earl of Glasgow, who is Commodore of the Royal Northern Club, unfurled all his holiday bunting, and put off to salute the promoter of the useful festivities. Sir Michael Shaw Stewart was there, too, as such a veteran yachtsman should have been, with a good word from the Clyde. I wish that I could report the races: how the Carmichaels of Tarbet pulled off the rowing-match with a sharp shout that sounded like the echo of a pibroch from the hills; how the Campbells of Tilliechewan sailed their little yacht and won the grey kilt, instead of sailor's breeks; and how the M'Dougalls of St. Ninian bore off among them something like £60 in prizes, and went home again fresh as daisies and in fine condition; by which remark, Mr. Editor, I mean no more than is here set down, and make no hidden allusion whatever. Suffice it to say that, when the dim wreath of evening fell on the hilltops, and Mr. Pain, pyrotechnist from London, sent up the first rocket of the concluding display of fireworks, even the Scottish mist, which soon shut out the distant vessels and brought night down swiftly on the sea, did not abate the enthusiasm. But the Rothsayans are early folk, and by eleven o'clock only the bells on board the yachts broke the stillness of the shore; and, next day being Sunday, the quiet bay lay undisturbed—a companion to the quiet town. As for your Lounger, he is just now in the heart of Glen Caladh, lounging amongst the hills, the herrings, and the heather of "the burnt islands." Seals have been seen in the loch, and there is some talk of bottle-nosed whales; but I have studied the works of Cruikshank, and abjure bottles of all kinds, even those from Campbelltown. I lounge in a very easy chair just now, in the old, old library of what was once the sanctum of an old, old manse; and there I reflect, or rather contemplate, sipping between whiles the fresh, pure water of the glen. It is very refreshing, and I shall not qualify it—till the butler comes in with the tray, or I hear the bell for luncheon.

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

Among the periodicals which (as has been repeatedly observed in this column) are not easy to notice in a way which amounts to much, but which are yet very well managed and very useful, must

rank the *Popular Science Review* and *Science Gossip*, both hailing from Mr. Hardwicke's. The last number of the former contains an amusing paper by the Rev. C. Hope Robertson, M.A., on the "Usefulness of the Fifth in Music;" but the use of it all is not so plain to me as it is to the writer. A "musical" person with brains can transpose at sight. I mean, that in a case where a piece is set for, say, the piano, in a key too high for the voice of the singer, who is to be accompanied by the performer, it ought to be quite easy for the latter to play it off-hand in a lower key. "A Simple Decimal System for England" and "What fills the Star-Depths" are two highly-interesting papers; but I fear we shall have bottled samples of "what fills the star-depths" before we have got a decimal system in practice over here.

Who wrote it I do not know; but it may interest some of your readers to learn that the best—by far the best—translation of the German war-song, "Die Wacht am Rhein" (The Rhine Watch), appeared in the *Echo* of Friday week. By-the-by, a French partisan, in another of your contemporaries, was lately so good as to pronounce Nicolas Becker's well-known Rhein-lied,

They shall not, shall not have it,
The free, the German Rhine—

a piece of doggrel. But why doggrel? There is something about the fishes which strikes an English reader as bathos. But the Germans are different in such matters. In Goethe's hundred-times translated song of "Der Fischer," the mermaid who sings to the fisherman assures him that if he knew how happy the little fishes were down in the river, he would never go fishing any more, and would want to live among them himself. This, to my fancy, is a ludicrous touch; but the Germans do not feel it so.

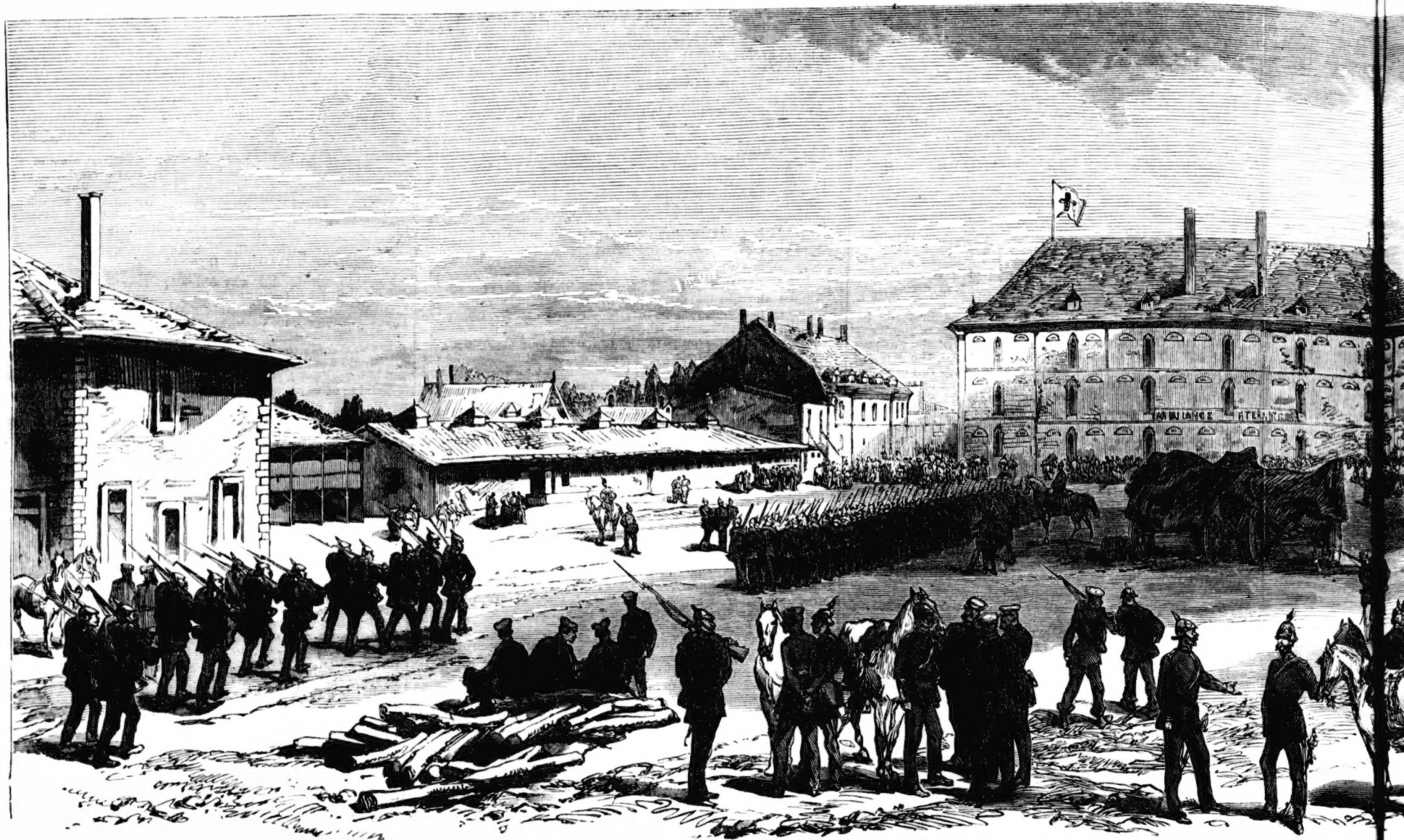
Talking of war literature, this campaigning seems to have put accuracy out of some people's heads. The Germans have not yet defeated the French grammar, yet we had the *Times*, the other day, making a man exclaim in Paris, "Je suis Prusse" (meaning "Prussien"). To-day, in another high-class paper, "A Parisian Resident" writes, "Yesterday evening a body of about fifty franc-tireurs marched down the Boulevard; they were surrounded and followed by a mob of some 10,000 men and women, who shouted, 'Vive les franc-tireurs!'" But, however excited the Parisians may be, they can hardly have forgotten that a noun in the plural requires a verb in the same; and they undoubtedly cried "Vivent," not "Vive." In the same journal I find this astounding piece of intelligence, dated Paris, Aug. 30:—"A categorical denial is given to an assertion of to-day's *Figaro* that the Minister of War and Marine received a despatch yesterday, affirming that twenty vessels, of large tonnage and splendidly equipped, had left different American ports with German filibusters on board, with the object of landing the latter in open French ports, and subjecting them to pillage." It was hardly worth while, perhaps, to give a "categorical denial" to the statement that "German filibusters" were coming over, at great expense, in order to be pillaged in open French ports. But if they were, it seems almost unkind to add "that in any case measures have been taken to give such adventurers a warm reception." Poor fellows! But this is not all. In the same journal, again, we are told that "a deputation from the sugar-refiners and wholesale sugar-dealers in London waited upon Mr. Crawford, M.P., two or three days ago, to present him with the subjoined address, and the work, illustrated and handsomely bound, to which it refers." As the "address" is not "sub-joined," and the name of "the volume" not mentioned, this information is rather lame. The other day I saw in a war correspondent's letter a statement that he "counted fifteen dead horses in one spot, and among them two officers." These things have so confused my mind that I catch myself making foolish jokes, such as that war telegrams from France ought to be called killergrammes; and that it is a shame for the French to have so much foughtification of their own causing round Paris, when there is fighting all over the country which they cannot prevent. Blunders, und kein ende! I have this moment read in an evening contemporary that Professor Max Müller, in a letter which "will add to his philosophic reputation," has declared that "unprovoked murder is manslaughter."

I can add my personal testimony to that of your able contributor "The Lounger" (at Keswick) upon one point—the dulness of our ancient friend "the general reader" to apprehend the meaning of the war news in his daily paper. Personal acquaintances of mine have been threatening the Germans with "a (participle) good licking" ever since the declaration of war. Incredible as it may appear, they declared that the (participle) "good licking" had come with the fighting of the 14th and 16th, before Metz. In vain did you explain that the object of these battles was to check the retreat of the French from Metz, and not to win a victory, in the ordinary sense of that word; and that since the Germans held the road to Verdun it was the French who were defeated, and, at first, by greatly inferior numbers. My good friends still maintained that the Germans had at last got their "(participle) good licking."

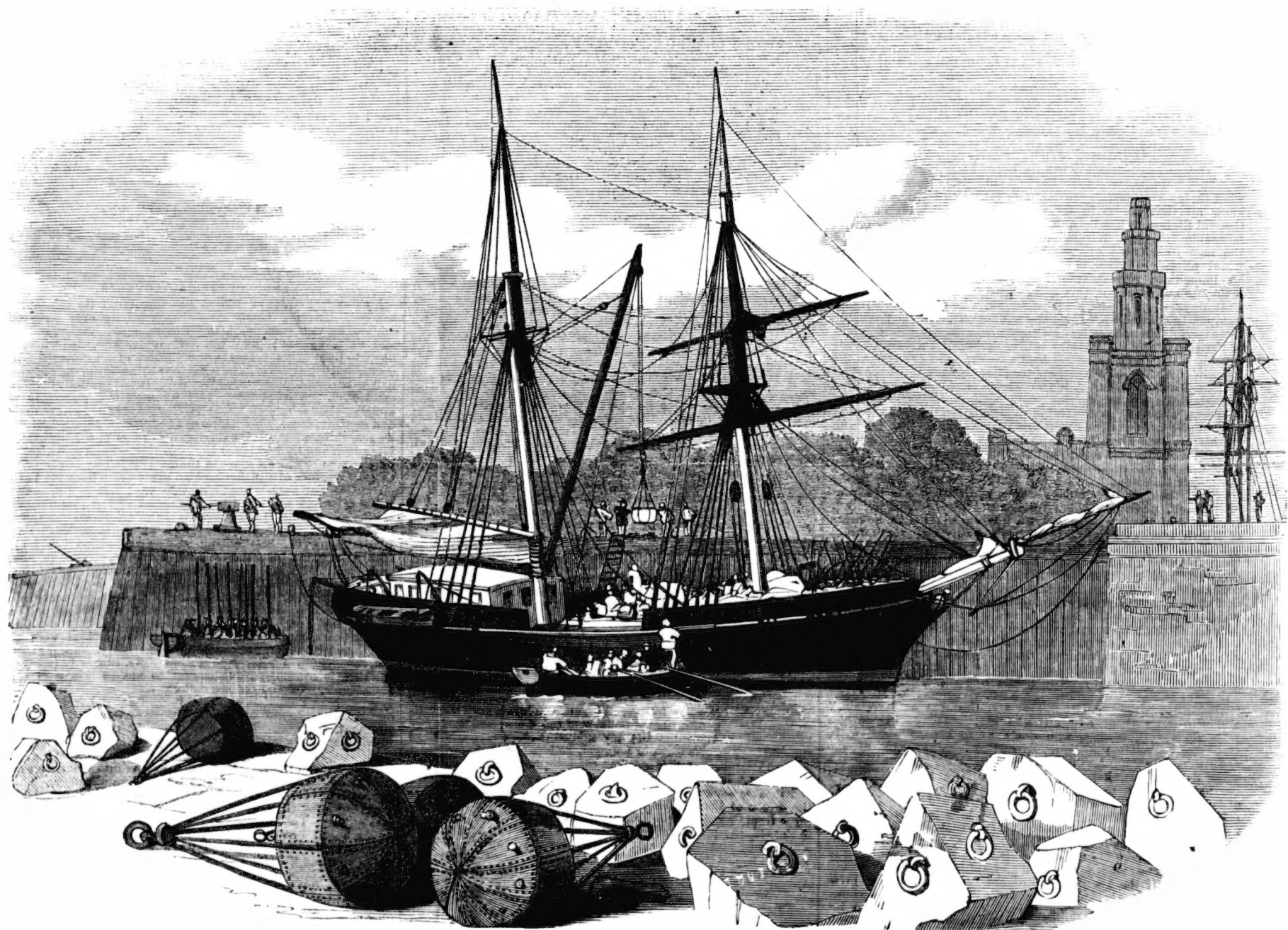
THE THEATRICAL LOUNGER.

I think the Gaiety has at last discovered its mission. It has been hovering about somewhat dismally over serio-comic drama, modern comedy, heavy drama, melodrama, vaudeville, and extravaganza; and now, if it is wise, it will settle down to light opera. This is the theatre of all others for light opera, and I was never so satisfied that this was the case as when I had seen Offenbach's "Blue Beard." It was capitally done from end to end. A good band, very tolerable singers, acting with some smartness and *à la* about it, elegant scenery, pretty dresses, and good dancers: what more can possibly be required? When we remember what a state English opera was in a few years ago, it is surprising that so much has been learned and so many faults forgotten in so short a space of time. It is hardly fair to criticise the performance of an Offenbachian opera quite from the Variétés or Folies Parisiennes standpoint as yet; but really your gay Parisian would not have been ashamed of the performance of "Blue Beard" on Monday. Miss Julia Matthews was the tomboy Boulotte, and reproduced much of Mlle. Schneider's fun without any of her outrageous extravagance. I had no idea that Miss Matthews was half so clever as she is, and until Monday I despaired of finding any English lady up to "La Périole," which I hope to see at the Gaiety shortly. Mr. Beverley is not a very shining light. He is the mildest specimen of a Bluebeard I ever saw in my life. He looks more like a big schoolgirl than a murderous monarch, and he walks as if his legs were glued together. However, Mr. Beverley sings fairly, and, perhaps, in due course he will learn how to act. Mr. Stoye is funny; but fun that is overdone is distasteful to me. His gag is simply abominable. Of the ordinary stock company, Miss Constance Loseby, Miss Tremaine, and Mr. Perrini could hardly be better; and Mr. Maclean and Mr. Aynsley Cook certainly acted far more smartly than usual. Mr. Kenney may be congratulated on his tact in turning a singularly naughty libretto into a singularly mild one. In essence "Blue Beard" is certainly "Fie! fie!" but you have in the English version to look into the motive of the work rather than to the words to find any impropriety. The fun of crowning the suspicious Boulotte as the rosière is considerably toned down for the requirements of an English audience, as well it might be. The Gaiety company is like a snowball, gathering strength and breadth as it rolls along. Each Monday I have noticed an improvement, and when the full complement is in swing I expect the Gaiety will be the winter musical festival *par excellence*. Miss Farren plays in "The Quaker" next week; Donizetti's "Betty" is announced, and Mr. Santley is due on Oct. 8, not in a drama as originally announced, but in a romantic opera.

Most of the theatres are girding up their loins again. The OLYMPIC and ROYALTY both open on Monday. The PRINCESS'S promises us Mr. Dion Boucicault's "Rapparee" on Monday.



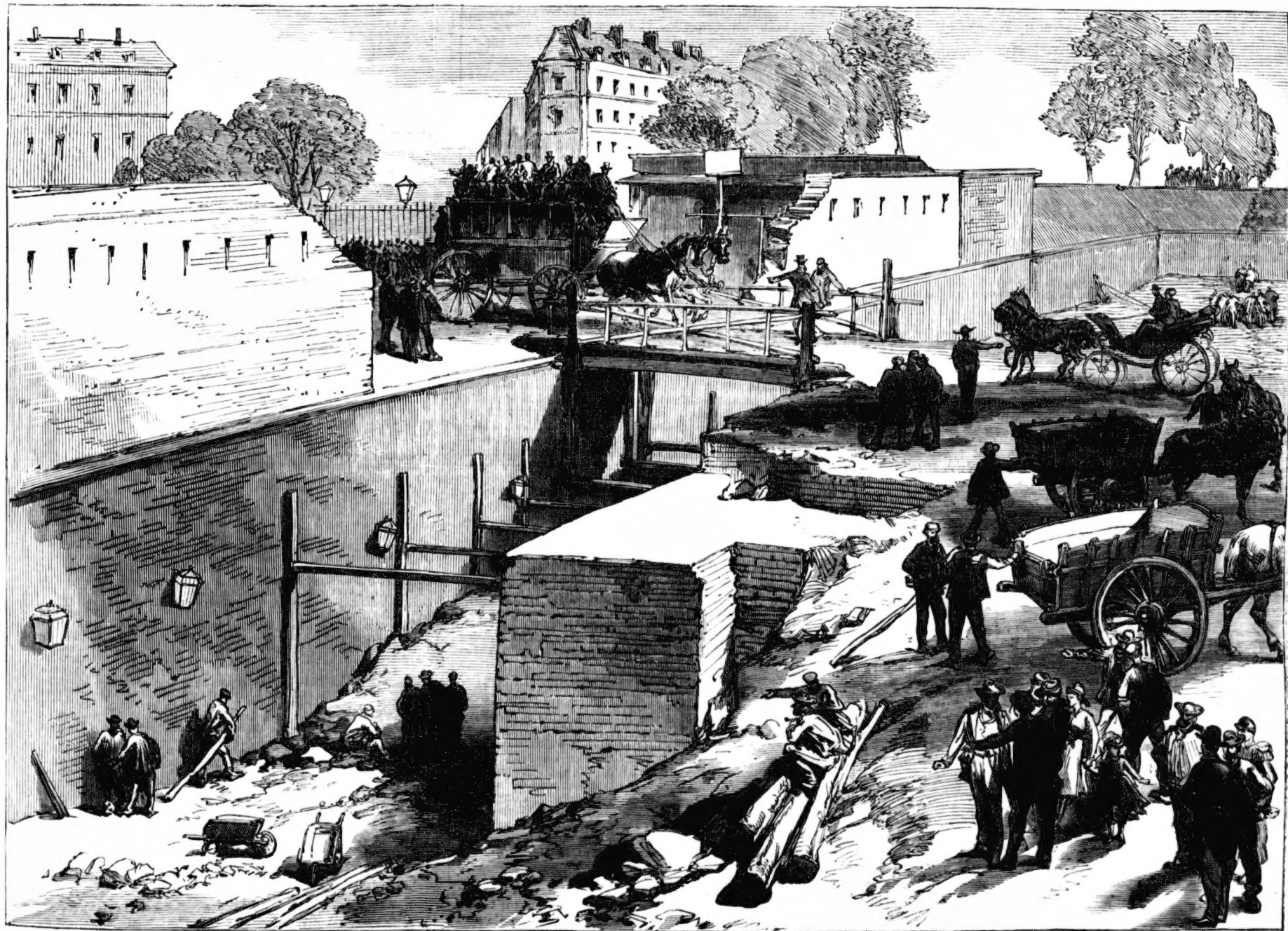
LUNEVILLE, DEPARTMENT OF THE MEURTHE, WITH TH



SHIPPING TORPEDOES TO OBSTRUCT THE NAVIGATION OF THE WESER AT BREMERHAFEN.—SEE PAGE 147.)



THE PRUSSIAN IN OCCUPATION - (SEE PAGE 148)



FORTIFYING PARIS: THE PORTE DE NEUILLY.

PARIS AND ITS FORTIFICATIONS.

EVERY day makes the probability greater that the efficiency of the Paris fortifications will be put to the test in a greater or lesser degree. Some further details of the works, therefore, will be acceptable.

Paris is divided into two portions by the Seine, which runs obliquely from south-east to north-west, as far as the boundary-line of the old city, near the Place de la Concorde. The district lying to the north of the Seine is the larger and lower of the two; that to the south of the river is considerably higher. The whole may be taken as an irregular circle, of which the Seine is the oblique diameter. The northern portion is the more important and exposed. It is bordered by the Seine on the south-west; and the second line of the same river, as it reaches towards the north-east from Sèvres to St. Denis, covers it on the north-west. On the east is the Marne, and on the north the range of hills which commences on the east near the Marne and stretches irregularly around the northern semicircle as far as the Bois de Boulogne. On the north-east is the plateau of Belleville, which, according to Captain Lendy, whose admirable edition of "Lavalée" is almost the only reliable source of information in respect to the military geography of the theatre of war, lies 460 ft. high and extends from 984 ft. to 4920 ft. in breadth. This plateau forms an embankment extending irregularly from the hill of Chaumont, which is 377 ft. high, towards the south to Charonne, and towards the east to Bagnolet with Romainville on the north and the Pré St. Gervais on the north-east. To the north of the Butte Chaumont lies the Rue d'Allemagne, which leads out to the road to Metz. Along the north side of this route runs the Canal de l'Oureq, which helps to protect the district. On the north side of Paris, north of the Seine, is the hill of Montmartre, which rises 426 ft. high, is 318 ft. broad, and forms a commanding eminence close on the boundary-line of the city, inaccessible on all sides, except that towards the town. It is a position of surpassing strength, and, if well defended with artillery, would be almost impregnable. Montmartre is separated from Belleville by the plain of St. Denis. These three positions—the plateau of Belleville, the hill of Montmartre, and the plain of St. Denis—are the natural defences of Paris, and must be the objects of particular attention in any serious attempt to lay siege to the capital.

The system of fortifications constructed for the protection of Paris since 1840, comprises an enceinte 35,914 yards in length, completely inclosing the city upon all sides, bastioned and terraced with 30 ft. of wall. The wall on the right bank of the Seine is 25,722 ft. long, and runs around the exterior of the communes of Bercy, Charonne, Belleville, La Villette, La Chapelle, Montmartre, Batignolles, Les Ternes, Passy, Auteuil, and Point du Jour. That portion of the enceinte to the left of the Seine is 10,192 yards in length, and passes around Grenelle, Vaugirard, Petit Montrouge, and Petit Gentilly. On the exterior of the enceinte are the casemated works and independent forts, of which most lie on the right bank of the Seine. On the north is St. Denis, with a double crown-work facing the north, north-east, and north-west; a special fort on the east, and the little fort of La Briche on the west, together forming a strong defence for the city on the north. To the south-east of St. Denis lies the redoubt of Aubervilliers, covering La Villette on the north-east. Further to the south is the fort of Romainville, and on the same line, still further to the east, the fort and earthwork of Noisy. Proceeding south are two forts, covering Bagnolet and Montreuil on the north-east. Further south Rosny, and still more to the south and east, the fort of Nogent, within which lies the great fortress of Vincennes. At St. Maurice, and at other points north of the Seine are redoubts, but those named are the most considerable. To the south of the Seine are the forts of Charenton-le-Pont and the Marne; Ivry, Bicêtre, Montrouge, Vanves, Issy, and the great fortress of Mont Valérien, which towers above everything in the neighbourhood on the west of Paris, and commands the westerly reach of the Seine and the Bois de Boulogne.

The Seine has been dammed up at several points, leaving only the smallest space by which the water could get through. At a few moments' notice these passages would be blocked, and the river, swelling rapidly, would be forced into the ditches of the works. Three great gates only will be open when the 12,000 diggers now employed by night and day have completed their task—those of Bercy, Italie, and Orleans—each protected by massive works, and approached or skirted only by drawbridges. All the postern gates, which have been mere names and jests hitherto, will be solidly built up; the ditches are already cut in front of them. The 700 or 800 embrasures for the cannon in the parapet all round the enceinte are yet incomplete; but with the number of engineers and labourers employed that work will be terminated in a few days. All the platforms for the gunners are in good condition, as well as covered refuges for men in the gorges of the ninety-eight bastions. Baron Haussmann, the late Prefect, as with a presentiment of what is now taking place, had constructed inside the rampart about thirty barracks posts and houses for the octroi men, which may become admirable quarters for the defenders.

At the Porte de Neuilly, which stands on the grand avenue that descends from the Arc de Triomphe of the Champs Elysées to the western suburbs near the Bois de Boulogne, there is a scene of great confusion, since the traffic is much impeded by the encumbered state of the road, heaped with stones, timber, and rubbish, and by the narrowness of the temporary bridge. Crowds of idle spectators assemble here and wonder when the Prussians will come. A new loopholed wall is being built across the broad avenue, and the ditch is also being dug out. In constructing the old lines of fortification the chance of having to do this suddenly had evidently been thought of; for the old wall forming the scarp is found under the roadway. No doubt the return angle of the parapet on each side will command the whole of this wall, and this gate will be difficult to force. Immediately on the outside of this, a large embankment of earth crosses the avenue at an angle, so that the parapet seen in our engraving could sweep its face with musketry. This outwork would have to be taken before the gate could be attacked.

RIFLES FOR FRANCE.—It was resolved, at a meeting of the Liverpool Chamber of Commerce on Wednesday, again to memorialise the Government to stop the export of arms or munitions of war to either of the present belligerents. The resolution referred to the statement of Count Palikao, setting forth the fact that a purchase of 40,000 rifles had been made in England, and it expressed the deep regret of the Chamber at the effect such an announcement was calculated to create.

THE FRENCH IN HAMBURG.—The following has been forwarded to us for publication:—"The undersigned Frenchmen residing in Hamburg, having heard that some men, moved by some criminal desire to excite the passions and embitter a war already sufficiently terrible, have dared to affirm through the press that the people of Hamburg had, in a moment of excitement, massacred the French residents, &c., think it their duty highly to protest against any such unworthy manoeuvres. They are confident that, although their country may be momentarily invaded, their countrymen will behave towards those Germans who have believed they could confide in French honour and continue the pursuit of their peaceful occupations with at least as much seamliness and urbanity as they meet here on the part of the inhabitants and authorities.—Hamburg, Aug. 26, 1870."—(The signatures follow.)

SINGULAR PHENOMENA AT RAMSGATE.—At Ramsgate, on Monday morning, between twelve and half-past twelve o'clock, there was a rapid and very unusual rise of the sea, not unlike the "bore" which is seen in some tidal rivers, accompanied by a succession of heavy waves, which rolled up the harbour with prodigious force. The rush of water was so sudden that thirty bathing-machines were floated away and then dashed upon the shore, and fifteen of them utterly destroyed. The bathers were all saved, but many of them lost their clothes and narrowly escaped drowning. The tide rose over the sea-wall and up to the level of the London, Ontham, and Dover Railway. The weather was comparatively fine at the time, but a high wind prevailed on Sunday and during Monday morning, and to this the occurrence is attributed.

THE WAR.

MORE FIGHTING—MOVEMENTS AND DEFEAT OF M'MAHON.

AFTER another lull in the fighting in France, and after a mystery of ten days' duration has hung over the movements of the contending armies, the cloud has lifted, the fighting has been resumed, and another defeat of the French is reported. In order to remove all doubt as to impartiality, we copy from Thursday's *Standard* the subjoined resumé of events and digest of intelligence received:—

"At last the great battle has come. The situation had grown intensely exciting. Day followed day, and nothing arrived from the seat of war to solve the doubts that were uppermost in the minds of all Europe. Since M'Mahon started from Rheims his exact position has been kept secret; and the rumours in regard to it were irreconcilable with each other. We must trace again the various statements in regard to M'Mahon's forces, in order that we may see what is not probable, even if we cannot say what is probable. On Saturday, the 20th, M'Mahon was at Châlons. Thence he broke up his camp and moved to Rheims, from which his troops subsequently departed on Monday night, the 22nd. Since that date we have heard of him as at Rethel and at Vouziers. We have heard of a cavalry action at Attigny, on the Aisne, between those two places. We have heard of the Emperors being at Rethel, as having left Rethel, and passed northwards through the village of Novy on Friday, the 26th, as having slept at Tourteron on that night, and as having then proceeded to Le Chesne, sending the Prince Imperial to Mezières. A journey from Rethel by Tourteron and Le Chesne (and the news seems well authenticated by the correspondent of the *Daily News*) argues a subsequent journey to Stenay. The Emperor, according to this, would have reached Sedan, Mouzon, or Stenay, on Sunday last, the 28th. If the Emperor was making for the Meuse, it can scarcely be doubted that M'Mahon's army had taken the same direction. The Emperor's movements have been so erratic that it may be difficult to find any theory upon them; but yet they mean something. He did not move by the railway, nor even by the main road; a fact which argues that the railway and the main roads were crowded with troops or stores. A French correspondent describes him as at Carignan on Tuesday, the 30th, and leaving that place for Sedan, after an engagement of which we shall have more to say anon.

"It was on Wednesday evident that some serious fighting on the Meuse between Mouzon and Dun, and that the French had crossed the Meuse in some numbers from the left to the right bank. On Saturday, the 27th, a correspondent, writing from Montmédy, described the Prussians as being at Longuyon, and east of Montmédy, and said he was then starting for Sedan, where he believed a considerable force of M'Mahon's army to be stationed. On the 28th, Sunday afternoon, he wrote from near Chauvancy, a station on the railway, just north of Stenay and west of Montmédy, that he had been witness of a small engagement at that railway station in the morning, where some Prussian troops, infantry as well as uhlans, had driven a peloton of the 6th Regiment of the French Line out of the station, and had destroyed the lines, only that day repaired by the French, after having been previously torn up by the uhlans. At the same time he had heard a cannonade on the other side of Stenay, which has since turned out to have been nothing of great importance. He learned that the country on the right bank of the Meuse, about east and west of Dun, was 'swarming with Prussian troops.' This evidence must be deemed to prove that M'Mahon had not crossed the Meuse with any force on Sunday last, though six days had passed since he broke up the camp at Rheims and moved no one knew where. Then we have later intelligence. On Tuesday, at noon, the same French correspondent again telegraphed from Florenville, which is a village about a mile inside the Belgian frontier, on the river Semoy, due south of Chiny:—'M'Mahon's army is camping at Vaux, near Carignan. The fight on Sunday was near Buzancy.' Vaux is on the right bank of the Meuse, and only about twelve miles from Florenville, so that this correspondent had doubtless ridden from satisfying his eyes as to the existence of the French troops, in order to send the despatch announcing the fact. We have thus the almost positive knowledge that a large French force had crossed the Meuse opposite Carignan on Monday; and correspondents on the spot say it is the army of M'Mahon. On Tuesday evening we learned that, at three o'clock, the Emperor had been at Bibelle Farm, two miles from Carignan; and that at six o'clock fighting was going on between Moulin and Pouilly—villages on the right bank of the Meuse, near Carignan, on each side of the railway from Montmédy to Mezières; that M'Mahon was apparently successful, but that only a few thousand men were engaged, and that no troops of Bazaine were there. Thus we have M'Mahon and the Emperor established across the Meuse, though not without some fighting, their advanced guard being opposed. Again, we receive other telegrams from the same source. The first, dated Wednesday, nine a.m., says that the cannonade still continued at seven o'clock on Tuesday evening; that the village of Carignan was on fire; and that the advantage appeared to be turning in favour of the Prussians. And a still later telegram says that the action resulted in the defeat of the French, the Prussians occupying Carignan after the action; that the losses on both sides were considerable, and that the Prussians captured four mitrailleurs. We are also told that a fresh engagement commenced on Wednesday morning, at Armigny, on the road from Sedan to Montmédy. We are unable to find this place on the French staff map, but we must suppose it to be west of Carignan, between that place and Stenay.

"Following all the above information, which traces M'Mahon's movements up to Wednesday, we received after midnight an official Prussian telegram, dated Buzancy, Tuesday, Aug. 30:—'The army of Marshal M'Mahon was attacked by us to-day, near Beaumont, and was defeated and driven back towards the Belgian frontier. The French encampments were captured and the French were pursued for miles, the pursuit only ceasing through the night coming on. The number of guns and prisoners taken by us has not yet been estimated, on account of the great extent of the battle-field.' And the *Independence Belge* publishes a telegram from Florenville, corroborating our previous news as to the action of Carignan, but with further details. M'Mahon, it says, encamped on Tuesday on the heights of Vaux, advanced thence towards Montmédy, but was driven back to the point whence he started. 'Fighting commenced again at five o'clock on Wednesday morning, and is not over yet (when the telegram was dispatched). The Prussians are advancing, and they now occupy Carignan. Marshal M'Mahon is returning to Sedan, where he may be hemmed in. The carnage is terrible, and the population are flying panic-stricken.' These telegrams seem to leave no doubt, combined with the previous items of information, that it is indeed M'Mahon's army which has been defeated. It is important to observe that Beaumont, near which the official Prussian despatch describes the action as having occurred, is on the left bank of the Meuse, about half way between Stenay and Mouzon, while Carignan is on the right bank, half way between Sedan and Montmédy. If we interpret the despatch rightly, M'Mahon has been attacked on both banks, while his forces were only partly across the Meuse. He has been met as he marched from Vaux towards Montmédy by a force on the right bank, and the action took place which our correspondent describes on Tuesday, and was continued on Wednesday. But there was only a portion of his force over the river, and that portion remaining on the left bank was attacked on Tuesday, routed, and driven back upon Sedan. These are apparently two entirely distinct actions, though going on simultaneously. That at Carignan was probably fought by the troops of the Crown Prince of Saxony, sent to check M'Mahon's progress; while that at Beaumont was brought on by the advanced forces of the Crown Prince. In this case M'Mahon is evidently in the most imminent danger. If, indeed, he has allowed himself to be attacked on the right flank whilst facing towards Metz—if he has allowed half

his army on each bank to be overwhelmed by superior forces—no words can be strong enough to express the blame which should attach to his bad generalship. M'Mahon started from Rheims on the evening of Monday, the 22nd. On Tuesday, the 30th, eight days later, he is caught in the very worst position in which an army can possibly be taken, astride a great river, close up against neutral territory, into which, if he is driven, he is destroyed. He had barely seventy miles to march from Rheims to the Meuse. Unless he were certain that he could perform the distance in very much less time than eight days, it was madness to attempt the movement. He must have calculated on a much more rapid march. We cannot believe he would have been guilty of so gross a blunder as to make such slow marches intentionally, or to attempt such a movement unless he had reason to suppose he could get clear of the Meuse before the Crown Prince could possibly be on his flank. He started from Rheims on Monday, the 22nd. It was not till Wednesday, the 24th (we have it from the pen of the *Times* special correspondent), that the Prussian head-quarters at Ligny, eight or nine miles south-east of Bar-le-Duc, knew of the evacuation of Châlons; yet so slow has been M'Mahon's march that we abandoned the idea that he was really endeavouring to cross the Meuse, and so slow have been his movements that the Crown Prince, over whom he had two days' start, has been able to strike him on the flank. When first the idea was broached by us that this flank march was in contemplation by M'Mahon, we said that the whole affair was a question of calculation of time—that unless it could be with certainty accomplished in such time that he could reach Metz before the forces of the King could come to relieve Prince Frederick Charles, it was inconceivable that he would really attempt such a movement. Strategy is no sealed book. M'Mahon and his staff must have among them men who know these things as well as we do, and it is, we repeat now, inconceivable that M'Mahon attempted this march, unless he was led to believe that he could do it in two or three days less time than it has taken. We cannot but suppose his intemperance to have been in fault, or that the demoralised condition of his troops was such that long marches were found to be out of the question. At all events, a fatal blow has been struck, if these accounts are not exaggerated. If, indeed, M'Mahon has been driven along the left bank of the Meuse to Sedan, then his last hope is gone. But we have yet to be assured that M'Mahon's whole army was here. The Prussian despatch, which speaks of the vast extent of the battle-field, seems to indicate as much. But it is, indeed, so incredible; it is so hard to believe it possible, that French generalship, which we are accustomed to associate with the name of Napoleon, can have sunk to so low an ebb, that we can scarcely yet bring ourselves to believe that the forces engaged on the Meuse were more than a corps, destined to manoeuvre here and delay the Prussians, and cover the dispatch of the main army to Paris by a circuitous route by rail. If, indeed, M'Mahon's whole army is driven up to Sedan, then we shall see him hemmed in at Mezières, as is Bazaine at Metz, and the fate of the two great French armies is sealed."

GERMAN OFFICIAL REPORT OF THE BATTLES AT METZ.

We reprint, from a Berlin journal, the subjoined official German report of the battles at Metz, and would be glad to do the same by a French official account if we could; but that is impossible, for the simple but sufficient reason that no such document is known to exist:—

The combats of Aug. 14, 16, and 18 are closely connected with each other. After the defeat sustained by their advanced guard at Saarbrück, on the 6th, and in consequence of the complete dissolution of their right wing, under Marshal M'Mahon, the bulk of the hostile army retreated on the line of the Moselle. The fortress of Thionville and the very important position of Metz, with its intrenched camp, gave extraordinary strength to this line. A direct attack upon it would have been difficult. The armies were, therefore, directed south of Metz, towards the Moselle, in order to pass the river above the fortress, and so attack the enemy. The movement of great masses, which could only be carried on in a considerable breadth of country, had to be secured by special precautions. The First Army consequently undertook to cover this march.

As the enemy for a time seemed disposed to await an attack on this side Metz, on the right bank of the Moselle, in a strong position on the French side, the nearest divisions of the Second Army were so approximated to the First Army as to be able promptly to support it. Meantime the other corps of the Second Army had already crossed the Moselle. The enemy consequently saw himself forced, in order not to lose his communications with Paris, to evacuate the right bank of the Moselle before Metz, as he could not venture to attempt an attack on our movement. The advanced guard of the First Army, pushing on towards him, promptly discovered this retreat, and in the encounter of Aug. 14 threw itself on the French rear guard, forcing it forward on the marching columns of their main army. The enemy was obliged to move round some of his divisions to support it, while on our side the entire 1st and 7th Corps, and some detachments of the nearest (9th) army corps of the Second Army joined in the engagement. The enemy was forced back, and pursued till under shelter of the cannons of the Metz forts on the right bank of the Moselle. This combat had, moreover, this great advantage, that it delayed the enemy's retreat. This advantage it was possible to profit by.

Two roads lead from Metz to Verdun, the direction which the French had to take in case of a retreat upon Paris. Those corps of the Second Army which had already passed the Moselle were immediately directed against the southern road, the one most easily reached, in order, if possible, to arrest the enemy's flank march on that side. This important task was brilliantly accomplished through a bloody and victorious battle. The fifth division (Stulpnagel) threw itself on the Frossard corps, which covered the enemy's flank. The French Army, with almost all its corps, was gradually engaged; while on the Prussian side the rest of the 3rd Army Corps, the 10th Army Corps, a regiment of the 9th Corps, and a brigade of the 8th took part. Prince Frederick Charles assumed the command. The ground first won by us in a twelve hours' struggle was victoriously held, the south road from Metz to Verdun was gained and retained, and the enemy's retreat on Paris by this road cut off.

The flank march by the north road, or by making a wide détour further north, still remained possible. Although such a retreat entailed on the enemy great dangers, it appeared possible that he would undertake it, as the only mode of escape from a highly unfavourable position, since otherwise the army was cut off from Paris and all its means of assistance. On the Prussian side the 17th was turned to account in bringing forward for a final struggle the necessary corps, part of whom were already over the Moselle, while part had in the night thrown various bridges over it above Metz. At the same time the enemy's movements were carefully watched by the cavalry. His Majesty the King remained on the spot until from the advanced hour of the day, no further movement of the enemy was to be expected. On the 18th it was possible that the decisive combat might come off. In directing the troops it had equally to be considered that the enemy might try to escape by the north road, and that, perceiving the great difficulty of this, he might prefer to accept battle immediately before Metz, with his back turned towards Germany. His position after the previous operations of the German armies left him no other choice. On the morning of the 18th the First Army, with the 7th Corps, was posted south of Gravelotte, the 8th Corps and first cavalry division being south of Rezonville (the 1st Corps of the third cavalry division remained on the right bank of the Moselle, before Metz). This army was first directed to cover, in the wood of Vaux and at Gravelotte, the movement of the Second Army against any sortie of the enemy from Metz. The Second Army advanced in the morning by échelons of the left wing towards the north road, maintaining communication on the right with the First Army. The 12th Corps took the direction by Mars la Tour and Jarny, while the Guards corps advanced between Mars la Tour and Vionville on Doncourt, and the 9th Corps crossed the highway to the west of Rezonville, towards Caubise farm, north of St. Marcel. These three corps composed the first line, and if the assigned points were reached, the north main road was gained. Saxon and Prussian cavalry preceded the columns as skirmishers.

As soon as it was found that the enemy did not contemplate a retreat, and could therefore only remain before Metz, it was necessary to move the three corps considerably to the right, and to bring up both armies against the enemy. The 10th and 3rd Corps followed in a second line, and then, as the last reserve, the 2nd Army Corps, which since two a.m. had been marching from Pont-à-Mousson towards Buxières. About 10.30 it was evident that the enemy had abandoned his retreat, and had taken up a position on the last ridges before Metz. The Second Army was thereupon ordered to carry out its sweep to the right, and, keeping up communication with the First, to direct its centre and left wing on Verneville and Amanvillers. The general attack was not to begin till the movement was entirely executed, and till the front of the strong position could be simultaneously attacked on the right flank. The 9th Corps first threw itself on advanced detachments of the enemy. Towards noon artillery fire from the neighbourhood of Verneville announced that the corps at that spot was engaged. The First Army was consequently ordered to occupy the attention of the enemy on the heights by artillery fire from its front. About 12.45 they opened a slow but well-directed cannonade upon the eminences

of the Point-de-Jour, to which the enemy replied from numerous batteries. The thunder of the cannon was drowned by the strange noise of the mitrailleuses.

The position was an exceedingly strong one, and its security was increased through fortifications, and by ranges of rifle-pits. At certain points it had quite the appearance of a fortress. The attack could not succeed until our commanders had achieved the difficult task of so directing their measures that the whole of the troops were ready as well for the battle on the north as on the east, and the latter attack could only commence when it was apparent that the enemy had given up a retreat. It was not practicable, moreover, to completely carry out the movement, which was to envelop the enemy's right wing, and nothing remained but to attack the front of this formidable point. The struggle was long and difficult at various points. On the left wing the Saxons fought, and the Guards near St. Marie-aux-Mines, afterwards near the precipitous slopes of St. Privat-la-Montagne, then in that village, and in Roncourt. On the right, at St. Ail, and beyond at Habouville, the wood of La Cuisse and Verneville, as far as the northerly road from Metz to Verdun, the Guards and the 9th Army Corps sustained the struggle, at Gravelotte and in the Vaux wood up to the Moselle the 5th and 7th Corps, and from the further side of the river bank a brigade of the 1st Corps took part in the fight, likewise some single divisions of the 3rd and 10th Corps, especially artillery. On the enemy's side the whole of the main French army was engaged, even the troops originally destined for the Baltic expedition, with the exception of McMahon's divisions not stationed at Metz and the larger part of Fially's corps.

The unsurpassable bravery of our troops succeeded, at the approach of dusk, in storming the heights and driving the enemy from his whole line; the 2nd Corps, which had been marching since two a.m., taking a decisive part in this, on the right wing. The battle terminated about 8.30, when it was quite dark. During the night the enemy drew back into his entrenched camp at Metz. Numberless wounded and stray detachments still wandered in the neighbourhood of the battle-field. His Majesty, who had directed the battle ultimately from the hill of Gravelotte, made Rezonville his headquarters.

This battle formed the conclusion of the previous strategic movements round Metz, and the result is that the hostile army is for the time out off from all communication with Paris. It is a subject of rejoicing that on this eventful day the brotherhood in arms of the Prussian, Saxon, and Russian troops has been sealed in blood.

MISCELLANEOUS NEWS.

An official German despatch from Bar-le-Duc, dated on the evening of the 26th ult., states that the small fortress of Vitry capitulated on the previous day. Two battalions of Mobile Guards who had lost their way were dispersed by the German cavalry, and 850 taken prisoners, together with seventeen officers.

The pillage of a French baggage-train near Rheims by 300 or 400 soldiers is reported by many private letters, but the disgrace to the army is somewhat extenuated by the fact that the men guilty of this atrocious act were goaded to desperation at finding that, after long privations, the train conveying them to Rheims, where they hoped to get something to eat, was shunted for several hours in order to make room for the Emperor's voluminous baggage-waggons to pass. It was the Emperor's stores that they plundered; and what they could not eat on the spot they sold for next to nothing to Jew dealers in "marine stores," of Rheims.

The *Carlsruhe Gazette* announces that Count Bismarck-Böhlen, the German Governor of Alsace, has provisionally installed himself at Haguenau, having previously held a consultation with Lieutenant-General Werder, who commands the besieging force at Strasbourg.

It is stated that reports, confidentially made to our Government by those who possess the opportunities of correctly estimating the reinforcements forwarded from beyond the Rhine during the last fortnight, lead to the irresistible inference that not only have the gaps in the Prussian ranks caused by death, wounds, and disease been filled up, but that the German armies in France are to-day by many thousands more numerous than they were when they crossed the frontier.

The French Minister of the Interior communicates the following intelligence, under reserve:—"Phalsburg continues its heroic resistance. Two attempts at assault have been repulsed; in the first the Prussians lost 500 men, and in the second 1000 men. The commandant of the place has declared that he will rather blow up the fortress and perish in the ruins than surrender."

The town and fortress of Strasbourg has been bombarded by the siege train from Kehl since the evening of the 23rd ult. The German advanced posts have been pushed forward within from 500 to 800 yards of the fortress. The damage done in Strasbourg is considerable. Several small powder-magazines have blown up, and the citadel, magazine, library, and many buildings have been burnt. The German losses are small. It is said that 50,000 German troops now invest Strasbourg. The Germans are diverting the river Ill, for the purpose of draining the moat. An attempt at negotiation made by the Bishop of the diocese had failed; and complaint is made by the Germans that an envoy they sent with a flag of truce was fired upon by the French. Forty-two new guns have been placed in position.

MRS. GEORGINA MAX MULLER, of Oxford, the wife of the great German scholar of that name, has commenced a subscription in aid of the wounded at the seat of war. The appeal of Mrs. Max Müller has been met with contributions of money, lint, bandages, linen, shoes, &c., by the University, city, and county of Oxford. The Mayors of Oxford (Mrs. Hughes) and the wife of Dr. Acland have also undertaken to receive donations without respect to nationality.

HEALTH OF THE EMPEROR NAPOLEON.—The London correspondent of the *Manchester Guardian* writes:—"The health of the Emperor continues to decline. Fatigue, hardship, and disappointment have made havoc of what remained of his debilitated constitution. In addition to the physicians ordinarily in attendance, more than one eminent practitioner has been summoned to visit him from England. It would be idle to pretend that honorable men so consulted would disclose any portion of the knowledge confidentially acquired, so that they would allow the gossiping world to know their opinion. But no one who has been in the camp at Metz or Châlons contradicts the ominous surmises that in the last few days begin to find audible voice. From what I hear this morning I should not be surprised at any announcement regarding him."

A SAD INCIDENT OF THE WAR.—The senior surgeon attached to a regiment of the Prussian Guards was called away during the recent great battle near Metz to attend to the Colonel, who had been dangerously wounded. An assistant surgeon accompanied him. The assistant was soon shot in the leg. He had to be carried to the rear. Before he had been carried many yards a ball took off his head. The surgeon left his comrade and hastened to the Colonel, whose wound he dressed. While doing so he learned that his eldest son had fallen and died. He could not, however, go in quest of the body till at a late hour at night. Others had traversed the field with lanterns, but had failed to find his son. The unhappy father determined to make another attempt. He went off alone and without a lantern, being sure that he could detect his son by his long beard. Carefully feeling the faces of the slain he groped his way through the heaps of dead bodies. At last his fingers touched a long beard. On a light being brought he learned beyond all possibility of doubt that his son was numbered with the dead.

ROYAL NATIONAL LIFE-BOAT INSTITUTION.—A meeting of this institution was held, on Thursday, at its house, John-street, Adelphi—Thomas Chapman, Esq., F.R.S., V.P., in the chair. The minutes of the previous meeting having been read, rewards were granted to the crews of the *Bank*, *New Brighton*, and *Cleethorpes* life-boats, for saving the crews of the following wrecked vessels:—*Brig Regina*, of Sainemunde, nine men saved; *flat Rattler*, of Liverpool, five; *smack Jan Wilhelmina*, of Nienleip, two; and *brig Hope*, of Jersey, nine. Various rewards were likewise voted to the crews of shore-boats for putting off from our coasts on the occasion of shipwrecks and saving life. Payments to the amount of £2500 had been made on different life-boat establishments during the past two months. The Independent Order of Odd Fellows (M. U.) had recently sent the society £50 as their contribution for the past year towards the maintenance of their life-boat stationed at Cleethorpes, which has since been instrumental in saving the lives of two shipwrecked crews. The late Mr. Charles Lloyd, of Kensington, who had passed his earlier days at sea, and who had been providentially preserved from drowning upon nine several occasions, had bequeathed the sum of £500 to the institution to defray the cost of a life-boat. New life-boats had been sent by the institution, during the past month, to Seaham, in the county of Durham, and to Banff, N.B. At both these places demonstrations had been arranged to take place on the occasions of the first launch of the boats; and, in addition, the Seaham life-boat had been publicly exhibited en route to its station at Harrogate, its cost having been contributed to the society through the indefatigable exertions of the Misses Carter, of that town. It was decided to form a new life-boat station at the mouth of the Boyne, in Ireland. Reports having been read from Captain Ward, R.N., the Inspector, and Captain D. Robertson, R.N., the Assistant Inspector of life-boats to the institution, on their recent visits to the coast, the proceedings terminated.

RELIEF FOR THE SICK AND WOUNDED.

THE LONDON SOCIETY'S OPERATIONS.

WE are happy to learn that the sympathy of the public with the benevolent objects of this society is increasing every day; subscriptions are pouring in from various quarters, and local organisations are being formed in every part of the three kingdoms. Donations in kind come in heaps, and everyone who has anything which he thinks might be useful to the poor wounded soldier takes it to St. Martin's-lane. On Wednesday a gentleman came in with a well-made leather rest for a broken arm. He had found it of the greatest use to himself after a serious accident, and he felt sure it would be a comfort to some wounded soldier. We mention this fact because, although trifling in itself, it shows the warmth of the feeling which is beginning to spring up in every direction. We were sorry to hear that the advice the society had received from its agents abroad did not wholly justify the statements so generally made on behalf of the Prussians that they make no difference in the case of wounded French or Prussians. The agents state that in many places the French wounded were found lying out, exposed to the cold and wet, on wet, rotten mattresses, and that the treatment of their wounded was at least postponed in favour of the Prussian wounded. Great allowance must, of course, be made for the Prussian military medical authorities, who are completely overwhelmed by the mass of suffering with which they have to deal, and they are hardly acting exceptionally in looking to their own men first; but we trust to the chivalry of the profession, and the known intentions and wishes of the King of Prussia, for the inauguration of a better state of things, and a little more equality of treatment amongst men who, in their extreme suffering, are all equally objects of sympathy. With respect to the distribution of the medical and surgical stores, it is admitted that by much the larger proportion goes to the Prussian sick; but this is justified by two reasons. In the first place, the Prussians have the most wounded and prisoners; and, in the second, the French rear in the field is unapproachable, and the second French army is shut up at Metz. The society has, however, established its chief depot in Luxembourg as a central position, whence either side can be reached according to the necessities of the case. The Belgian Government gives every facility, including free transit for bales and boxes and the absence of all interference by the Custom-house officers. The society has agents at Calais, Boulogne, and Dunkirk, to receive the contributions and forward them to the seat of war, and is daily receiving letters of thanks from both sides for its promptitude and liberality. Relations have been formed with the American society in Paris, and a united ambulance corps has proceeded thence to the field. Thirty nurses accompany this expedition. The society has already received upwards of £50,000 in subscriptions, including £1000 each from Manchester and Birmingham, as first remittances. If, however, the public liberality should extend to ten times that amount, ample and beneficial use could be found for all. Next to money, the most acceptable gifts would now be surgical instruments, of which there is a perfect dearth at the seat of war.

In almost every town in the kingdom auxiliary societies have been formed, and subscriptions and contributions come in rapidly, but neither so rapidly nor so plentiful as the necessity of the case demands. Every possible effort should be made in all directions, and made promptly, for the number of sufferers needing help is enormous.

MODERN KNIGHTS-ERRANT.

An interesting letter is published from one of a party of three members of the British Parliament, Sir C. Dilke, Mr. Auberon Herbert, and Mr. Winterbotham, who have joined the War Hospitals Corps at the seat of war. Dating from Lunenburg, the 18th ult., the writer says:—

"The towns and villages round Würth are, and long will be, filled with wounded from that most bloody fight. The order is directed on each side by a Royal commissioner. The commissioner with the army of the Crown Prince is a Count von Götz, to whom the commandant of Weissenburg gave us a letter of introduction. He is always at the Crown Prince's headquarters, or (more properly) half a day's march behind, but in constant communication with them. We used our letter to him as a military pass, and followed him from time to time till we caught him at Saarbourg on Monday last. Indeed, having once reached the Prussian lines at Weissenburg we found our difficulties as to permission to go on almost at an end. We were on French soil—local authority there was, of course, none—and the Prussians, being in good spirits with their victory and pressing eagerly forward, did not care to stop or even seriously question anyone. My German stood us in good stead. I got on capitally with the officers and men; every one was so cordial. Meanwhile, the French people don't dislike us, not being Prussians. Our real difficulty was, not permission, but means of getting on and means of getting food. Both were increasingly difficult to us the farther we advanced. Walking and carrying our knapsacks we found did not secure us all the respect and attention we claimed and, indeed, needed. Carriages there are none. So, on Monday morning, when we met Count Götz, he recommended us to join a volunteer party with him who have donned the cross, and so we did. The party consists of about eight young men of our own age, of very good families (so Count Götz, who is not without aristocratic prejudices, informed us) and about fifty young men, mostly from the Rhine Provinces, who are the rank and file. The latter receive some small pay from some of the Rhine towns. All are, of course, volunteers. The stamp on the badge and the card authorising its use entitle the bearer to free quarters, just as if he were in the army. The whole of the little army is under a Baron von Witzleben, a fine man, a little over middle age, cheerful and courteous, a thorough German not speaking a word of any other language. Count Götz, on the other hand, is a very cultivated man, and speaks English perfectly. He was one of the Hessian commissioners to England at Princess Alice's wedding. He has been very kind. He introduced us to the eight men I have mentioned, and we are now part of the little band, and are duly qualified as officers, and in that character received our billets on Tuesday at Blamont, and last night here, at Lunenburg. I must not neglect to include in our little army eight nuns and three Protestant deaconesses (who all seem, to some extent, to be directed by a priest), also an English lady, who leads five sisters of charity from Würzburg, in Bavaria."

PRINCESS ALICE AT HOME.

A correspondent who visited the hospital for the wounded at Darmstadt, which is under the special charge of Princess Alice, writes:—

"Certainly nothing can be more admirably managed; and of those I have seen as yet it is the brightest, airiest, and most cheerful. The principal building is a permanent one of stone and glass—an ex-conservatory. It stands in charming gardens, with their flower-beds, and shrubberies, and fountains, which, as the Princess says, the Frenchmen gallantly tell her remind them of the waterworks of Versailles. Through these are scattered a number of *succursales*—wooden pavilions where the double rows of beds stand at ample intervals, with canvas doors at the ends, to be looped up at will, and with openings in the roof, protected from the wet, but open to the wind. The Princess says the French strongly protest against the fresh air, while the Germans, on the contrary, very sensibly welcome it as the best of specifics. She ought to be mistress of the inward sentiments of the patients, for they all seem to take her into their most inmost confidence. It was worth a journey from England alone to see the faces of the sufferers lighten up as they reflected the sisterly smiles on her. As she passed along and stopped and spoke to each the invalid laid himself back on his pillow with an expression of absolute *bien être*, and for the moment seemed to find something more than an anodyne for his pain. Her passing along the wards applied the most infallible of tests to the cases. If

her presence did not sooth the pain wrinkles out of a man's face, or bring something like tranquillity on his drawn mouth, and cause a flash of light to his eye, you were quite sure to hear he was in an extremely bad way. Nor was it with the wounded alone she seemed the animating spirit of the place. Nurses and doctors and convalescents walking about all addressed her with the same cordial familiarity—only tempered by their evident reverence and love. The truth is—and one sees it everywhere else as in Darmstadt—this war has not merely made Germany a nation but a family; and a thorough family feeling pervades north and south, high and low alike. Nothing seems regarded as a sacrifice, and the humblest work that can serve the great national cause is regarded as a pleasure and an honour. The theatre at Mayence is given over to preparations for the hospital service; and the ladies of the place, old and young, go to work, day and night, in batches and in gangs, in the coarsest materials and roughest work. Here at Darmstadt no small portion of the palace is devoted to the same purpose, and the work-rooms communicate directly with the Princess's apartments. There are piles of mattresses in the galleries, hills of blankets and cushions below, chests of lint, bundles of bandages, mountains of cushions, sandbags for absorbing blood, wooden receptacles for shattered limbs. There is a continual influx and a constant outflow of all that. This afternoon the Princess's phaeton had the back seat piled high with cushions wanted for immediate use, decently covered up, it is true, with a carriage rug; but there were so many of them that the rug was sheer hypocrisy and absurd illusion. A huge bundle of flannel seriously embarrassed the coachman's legs and style, while it says much for the paving of the Darmstadt streets that all of the tenpots stowed away in the sword-case beneath the ladies' seat reached their destination in safety."

A HORNE HOST IN THE BOIS-DE-BOULOGNE.

AMONG other preparations that have been made for the defence of Paris is the collection of an immense number of cattle and sheep in the Bois-de-Boulogne to serve as food for the citizens and garrison should the Germans invest the city. Sufficient stores, it is said, have been collected to last for two months; but it is also said, we know not with what degree of truth, that, while the materials for providing beef and mutton for the people have been provided in abundance, food for the bullocks and sheep has been forgotten. Be that as it may, the following account of a visit to the Bois (which, by-the-by, is now closed to all save officials) will be read with interest:—"On our arrival at the barrier it is the turn of those going in, and our carriage is stopped amid a mass of others. There are enormous waggon-loads of hay, bound for the outlying forts, soldiers on horseback, gendarmes, commissariat waggons, and a field-piece or two waiting with us. At a given signal from a sergent-de-ville the tide of arrival is turned, and we who are waiting are permitted egress. There are looks of curious scrutiny as we pass the fortification walls, and the odd-looking men whose cab has kept close by ours ever since we made for the Bois draw closer. But we neither put questions nor make a parade of observation, and when our drive brings us to the iron gates of the noble inclosure we ask indifferently of the men on guard there if it is still allowed to drive in the Bois and are at once admitted. The woods and gardens, the racecourse at Longchamps, and the meadows around it present an extraordinary spectacle. People a thick wood with thousands upon thousands of cattle, and you see a primeval forest. The domestic character of bulls and cows departs the instant they are put by the thousand amid thickly-planted foliage, and when they are seen from between the brown trunks of innumerable trees. The effect is so strikingly novel that the spectator asks himself what there is in this unfamiliar conjunction of familiar objects to make it unlike anything else he ever saw. The answer is simple. It is not animated beef he sees, but a herd of horned animals who tear down the boughs of trees, and munch up choice leaves and flowers, and roll massively over parterre and shrub, reckless of consequences, and as if asking each what the deuce this unwonted liberty can mean. Twenty-seven thousand head of cattle make a pretty show in a wood, the boughs and leafy shadows of which have an oddly magnifying effect. Turn which way we would there were gigantic animals tearing at the trees, or browsing peacefully amid their trunks; and the effect was exactly as if they were in a state of nature. The sheep were less picturesque, but quite as extraordinary. There seemed miles of them. The plain of the racecourse was like a field of waving corn from the mass of moving yellow wool with which it was covered, and now and again, when the thick foliage broke, and we came to open meadows full of cattle, it was exactly as if a boldly mottled mass of red and white marble had been inclosed. The dun, red, and white of the cattle were amalgamated, and they were so closely packed that it seemed as if you could walk upon their backs as on a level floor. So all through the avenues in which the beauty, the fashion, and the frivolity of the world have foregathered these many years. Beasts rambling among the trees and flowers, soldiers in uniform washing their feet in the lake of the cascade, and other soldiers defiling up the walks and groves, and that was all. It was not merely that the customary flirtations, costumes, and equipages were wanting. There was complete solitude save for the things described. Our carriage was the only one to be seen, and the people at the café by the cascade resented as an outrage our request for breakfast. A waiter stood at the door, napkin in hand, the little tables had glass and snowy linen, and there were attendants behind the counter. But it was all phantom-like and ghostly. They were bewildered, stunned, appalled at the prospect before them and the sights at their door, and the waiter ran away the instant we addressed him. On the patch of green in front of the café from which a Clothilde and Thérèse have flouted and ogled for many a season, a poor sheep lay dying; the tramp of common soldiers resounded in the favourite walks of the arcadian exquisites of the Second Empire, and the line of fortifications just visible in the distance, instead of contributing an ornamental adjunct to the landscape, had its archways turned into storehouses for grain."

At the meeting of the Liverpool Chamber of Commerce, on Wednesday, it was resolved again to memorialise the Government to issue an Order in Council for the prohibition of the exports of munitions of war.

A FEW days ago Mr. Edward Collingwood, a distant relative of the naval hero of that name, died, in Tynemouth union workhouse, at the age of sixty-six. In early life Mr. Collingwood was in good circumstances.

FATAL ACCIDENT.—Mr. Alexander Tackett, stationmaster at East Linton, near Dunbar, was run over, on Wednesday, by a North-Eastern express-train. Mr. Tackett had been holding a conversation with the driver of a goods-train and was stepping across the north line to return to the station, when he was caught by the express. His body was dreadfully mutilated. He has left a widow and one child.

A SOMEWHAT SERIOUS ACCIDENT happened, on Wednesday, to Mr. D'Yncourt, the magistrate at the Marylebone Police Court. He was thrown from his horse when riding from his house to the Barnet railway station on his way to London. So violent was the shock that he remained insensible for upwards of half an hour. When he recovered consciousness he proceeded to the court and disposed of the day charges, but was evidently suffering greatly from the shock to the system. Mr. Knox took his place in the afternoon.

THE BISHOP OF EXETER ON THE WAR.—Bishop Temple preached at Okehampton church on Sunday, and made an eloquent appeal to the congregation on behalf of the sick and wounded in the war. He remarked that, whatever might be said for the rulers of the two countries who had thus gone recklessly and suddenly to war, it could not be denied that a vast majority of the poor soldiers who were fighting were simply obeying the orders of their rulers, and had not either the knowledge or the power to prevent the war from being fought. Let it be granted that the rulers had made a fearful mistake in going to war, let it be granted that the war ought never to have been fought at all, still the vast majority of those who suffered from it were quite innocent of any blame on that account. Of course it was quite true that the chief duty of doing what was to be done for the sick and wounded ought to rest upon the nations that had gone to war, and it must rest there, for whatever might be done in England, it would fall far short of the demand. The appeal was liberally responded to by the large congregation assembled.

PARIS AND ITS FORTIFICATIONS.

EVERY day makes the probability greater that the efficiency of the Paris fortifications will be put to the test in a greater or lesser degree. Some further details of the works, therefore, will be acceptable.

Paris is divided into two portions by the Seine, which runs obliquely from south-east to north-west, as far as the boundary-line of the old city, near the Place de la Concorde. The district lying to the north of the Seine is the larger and lower of the two; that to the south of the river is considerably higher. The whole may be taken as an irregular circle, of which the Seine is the oblique diameter. The northern portion is the more important and exposed. It is bordered by the Seine on the south-west; and the second line of the same river, as it reaches towards the north-east from St. Denis, covers it on the north-west. On the east is the Marne, and on the north the range of hills which commences on the east near the Marne and stretches irregularly around the northern semicircle as far as the Bois de Boulogne. On the north-east is the plateau of Belleville, which, according to Captain Lundy, whose admirable edition of "Lavalée" is almost the only reliable source of information in respect to the military geography of the theatre of war, lies 460 ft. high and extends from 98 ft. to 492 ft. in breadth. This plateau forms an embankment extending irregularly from the hill of Chaumont, which is 377 ft. high, towards the south to Charonne, and towards the east to Bagnolet with Romainville on the north and the Pré St. Gervais on the north-east. To the north of the Butte Chaumont lies the Rue d'Allemagne, which leads out to the road to Metz. Along the north side of this route runs the Canal de l'Ouercq, which helps to protect the district. On the north side of Paris, north of the Seine, is the hill of Montmartre, which rises 426 ft. high, is 318 ft. broad, and forms a commanding eminence close on the boundary-line of the city, inaccessible on all sides, except that towards the town. It is a position of surpassing strength, and, if well defended with artillery, would be almost impregnable. Montmartre is separated from Belleville by the plain of St. Denis. These three positions—the plateau of Belleville, the hill of Montmartre, and the plain of St. Denis—are the natural defences of Paris, and must be the objects of particular attention in any serious attempt to lay siege to the capital.

The system of fortifications constructed for the protection of Paris since 1840, comprises an enceinte 35,914 yards in length, completely inclosing the city upon all sides, bastioned and terraced with 30 ft. of wall. The wall on the right bank of the Seine is 25,722 ft. long, and runs around the exterior of the communes of Bercy, Charonne, Belleville, La Villette, La Chapelle, Montmartre, Batignolles, Les Ternes, Passy, Auteuil, and Point du Jour. That portion of the enceinte to the left of the Seine is 10,192 yards in length, and passes around Grenelle, Vaugirard, Petit Montrouge, and Petit Genilly. On the exterior of the enceinte are the casemated works and independent forts, of which most lie on the right bank of the Seine. On the north is St. Denis, with a double crown-work facing the north, north-east, and north-west; a special fort on the east, and the little fort of La Briche on the west, together forming a strong defence for the city on the north. To the south-east of St. Denis lies the redoubt of Aubervilliers, covering La Villette on the north-east. Further to the south is the fort of Romainville, and on the same line, still further to the east, the fort and earthwork of Noisy. Proceeding south are two forts, covering Bagnolet and Montrouge on the north-east. Further south Rosny, and still more to the south and east, the fort of Nogent, within which lies the great fortress of Vincennes. At St. Maurice and at other points north of the Seine are redoubts, those named are the most considerable. To the south of the Seine are the forts of Charenton-le-Pont, Ivry, Bicêtre, Montrouge, Vanves, Issy, and the great fortress of Mont Valérien, which towers above everything in the neighbourhood on the west of Paris, and commands the westerly reach of the Seine and the Bois de Boulogne.

The Seine has been dammed up at several points, leaving only the smallest space by which the water could get through. At a few moments' notice these passages would be blocked, and the river, swelling rapidly, would be forced into the ditches of the works. Three great gates only will be open when the 12,000 diggers now employed by night and day have completed their task—those of Bercy, Ivry, and Orleans—each protected by massive works, and approached or quitted only by drawbridges. All the postern gates, which have been mere names and jests hitherto, will be solidly built up; the ditches are already cut in front of them. The 700 or 800 embrasures for the cannon in the parapet all round the enceinte are yet incomplete; but with the number of engineers and labourers employed that work will be terminated in a few days. All the platforms for the gunners are in good condition, as well as covered refuges for men in the gorges of the ninety-eight bastions. Baron Haussmann, the late Prefect, as with a presentiment of what is now taking place, had constructed inside the rampart about thirty barracks posts and houses for the octroi men, which may become admirable quarters for the defenders.

At the Porte de Neuilly, which stands on the grand avenue that descends from the Arc de Triomphe of the Champs Elysées to the western suburbs near the Bois de Boulogne, there is a scene of great confusion, since the traffic is much impeded by the unnumbered state of the road, heaped with stones, timber, and rubbish, and by the narrowness of the temporary bridge. Crowds of idle spectators assemble here and wonder when the Prussians will come. A new loop-holed wall is being built across the broad avenue, and the ditch is also being dug out. In constructing the old lines of fortification the chance of having to do this suddenly had evidently been thought of; for the old wall forming the scarp is found under the roadway. No doubt the return angle of the parapet on each side will command the whole of this wall, and this gate will be difficult to force. Immediately on the outside of this, a large embankment of earth crosses the avenue at an angle, so that the parapet seen in our engraving could sweep its face with musketry. This outwork would have to be taken before the gate could be attacked.

RIFLES FOR FRANCE.—It was resolved, at a meeting of the Liverpool Chamber of Commerce on Wednesday, again to memorialise the Government to stop the export of arms or munitions of war to either of the present belligerents. The resolution referred to the statement of Count Palikao, setting forth the fact that a purchase of 40,000 rifles had been made in England, and it expressed the deep regret of the Chamber at the effect such an announcement was calculated to create.

THE FRENCH IN HAMBURG.—The following has been forwarded to us for publication:—"The undersigned Frenchmen residing in Hamburg, having heard that some men, moved by some criminal desire to excite the passions and embitter a war already sufficiently terrible, have dared to affirm through the press that the people of Hamburg had, in a moment of excitement, massacred the French residents; we, think it their duty highly to protest against any such unworthy manoeuvres. They are confident that, although their country may be momentarily invaded, their countrymen will behave towards those Germans who have believed they could confide in French honour and continue the pursuit of their peaceful occupations with at least as much seamliness and urbanity as they meet here on the part of the inhabitants and authorities.—Hamburg, Aug. 26, 1870."—(The signatures follow.)

SINGULAR PHENOMENA AT RAMSGATE.—At Ramsgate, on Monday morning, between twelve and half-past twelve o'clock, there was a rapid and very unusual rise of the sea, not unlike the "bore" which is seen in some tidal rivers, accompanied by a succession of heavy waves, which rolled up the harbour with prodigious force. The rush of water was so sudden that thirty bathing-machines were floated away and then dashed upon the shore, and fifteen of them utterly destroyed. The bathers were all saved, but many of them lost their clothes and narrowly escaped drowning. The tide rose over the sea-wall and up to the level of the London, Chatham, and Dover Railway. The weather was comparatively fine at the time, but a high wind prevailed on Sunday and during Monday morning, and to this the occurrence is attributed.

THE WAR.

MORE FIGHTING—MOVEMENTS AND DEFEAT OF M'MAHON.

AFTER another lull in the fighting in France, and after a mystery of ten days' duration has hung over the movements of the contending armies, the cloud has lifted, the fighting has been resumed, and another defeat of the French is reported. In order to remove all doubt as to impartiality, we copy from Thursday's *Standard* the subjoined resumé of events and digest of intelligence received:—

"At last the great battle has come. The situation had grown intensely exciting. Day followed day, and nothing arrived from the seat of war to solve the doubts that were uppermost in the minds of all Europe. Since M'Mahon started from Rheims his exact position has been kept secret; and the rumours in regard to it were irreconcilable with each other. We must trace again the various statements in regard to M'Mahon's forces, in order that we may see what is not probable, even if we cannot say what is probable. On Saturday, the 20th, M'Mahon was at Châlons. Thence he broke up his camp and moved to Rheims, from which his troops subsequently departed on Monday night, the 22nd. Since that date we have heard of him as at Rethel and at Vouziers. We have heard of a cavalry action at Attigny, on the Aisne, between those two places. We have heard of the Emperor's being at Rethel, as having left Rethel, and passed northwards through the village of Noy on Friday, the 26th, as having slept at Tourteron on that night, and as having then proceeded to Le Chesne, sending the Prince Imperial to Mezières. A journey from Rethel by Tourteron and Le Chesne (and the news seems well authenticated by the correspondent of the *Daily News*) argues a subsequent journey to Stenay. The Emperor, according to this, would have reached Sedan, Mouzon, or Stenay, on Sunday last, the 28th. If the Emperor was making for the Meuse, it can scarcely be doubted that M'Mahon's army had taken the same direction. The Emperor's movements have been so erratic that it may be difficult to found any theory upon them; but yet they mean something. He did not move by the railway, nor even by the main road; a fact which argues that the railway and the main roads were crowded with troops or stores. A French correspondent describes him as at Carignan on Tuesday, the 30th, and leaving that place for Sedan, after an engagement of which we shall have more to say anon.

"It was on Wednesday evident that some serious fighting on the Meuse between Mouzon and Dun, and that the French had crossed the Meuse in some numbers from the left to the right bank. On Saturday, the 27th, a correspondent, writing from Montmédy, described the Prussians as being at Longuyon, and east of Montmédy, and said he was then starting for Sedan, where he believed a considerable force of M'Mahon's army to be stationed. On the 28th, Sunday afternoon, he wrote from near Chauvancy, a station on the railway, just north of Stenay and west of Montmédy, that he had been witness of a small engagement at that railway station in the morning, where some Prussian troops, infantry as well as uhlans, had driven a peloton of the 6th Regiment of the French Line out of the station, and had destroyed the lines, only that day repaired by the French, after having been previously torn up by the uhlans. At the same time he had heard a cannonade on the other side of Stenay, which has since turned out to have been nothing of great importance. He learned that the country on the right bank of the Meuse, about east and west of Dun, was 'swarming with Prussian troops.' This evidence must be deemed to prove that M'Mahon had not crossed the Meuse with any force on Sunday last, though six days had passed since he broke up the camp at Rheims and moved no one knew where. Then we have later intelligence. On Tuesday, at noon, the same French correspondent again telegraphed from Florenville, which is a village about a mile inside the Belgian frontier, on the river Semoy, due south of Chinoy:—'M'Mahon's army is camping at Vaux, near Carignan. The fight on Sunday was near Buzancy.' Vaux is on the right bank of the Meuse, and only about twelve miles from Florenville, so that this correspondent had doubtless ridden from satisfying his eyes as to the existence of the French troops, in order to send the despatch announcing the fact. We have thus the almost positive knowledge that a large French force had crossed the Meuse opposite Carignan on Monday; and correspondents on the spot say it is the army of M'Mahon. On Tuesday evening we learned that, at three o'clock, the Emperor had been at Bibelle Farm, two miles from Carignan; and that at six o'clock fighting was going on between Moulin and Pouilly—villages on the right bank of the Meuse, near Carignan, on each side of the railway from Montmédy to Mezières; that M'Mahon was apparently successful, but that only a few thousand men were engaged, and that no troops of Bazaine were there. Thus we have M'Mahon and the Emperor established across the Meuse, though not without some fighting, their advanced guard being opposed. Again, we receive other telegrams from the same source. The first, dated Wednesday, nine a.m., says that the cannonade still continued at seven o'clock on Tuesday evening; that the village of Carignan was on fire; and that the advantage appeared to be turning in favour of the Prussians. And a still later telegram says that the action resulted in the defeat of the French, the Prussians occupying Carignan after the action; that the losses on both sides were considerable, and that the Prussians captured four mitrailleurs. We are also told that a fresh engagement commenced on Wednesday morning, at Armignoy, on the road from Sedan to Montmédy. We are unable to find this place on the French staff map, but we must suppose it to be west of Carignan, between that place and Stenay.

"Following all the above information, which traces M'Mahon's movements up to Wednesday, we received after midnight an official Prussian telegram, dated Buzancy, Tuesday, Aug. 30:—'The army of Marshal M'Mahon was attacked by us to-day, near Beaumont, and was defeated and driven back towards the Belgian frontier. The French encampments were captured and the French were pursued for miles, the pursuit only ceasing through the night coming on. The number of guns and prisoners taken by us has not yet been estimated, on account of the great extent of the battle-field.' And the *Independence Belge* publishes a telegram from Florenville, corroborating our previous news as to the action of Carignan, but with further details. M'Mahon, it says, encamped on Tuesday on the heights of Vaux, advanced thence towards Montmédy, but was driven back to the point whence he started. 'Fighting commenced again at five o'clock on Wednesday morning, and is not over yet (when the telegram was dispatched). The Prussians are advancing, and they now occupy Carignan. Marshal M'Mahon is returning to Sedan, where he may be hemmed in. The carnage is terrible, and the population are flying panic-stricken.' These telegrams seem to leave no doubt, combined with the previous items of information, that it is indeed M'Mahon's army which has been defeated. It is important to observe that Beaumont, near which the official Prussian despatch describes the action as having occurred, is on the left bank of the Meuse, about half way between Stenay and Mouzon, while Carignan is on the right bank, half way between Sedan and Montmédy. If we interpret the despatch rightly, M'Mahon has been attacked on both banks, while his forces were only partly across the Meuse. He has been met as he marched from Vaux towards Montmédy by a force on the right bank, and the action took place which our correspondent describes on Tuesday, and was continued on Wednesday. But there was only a portion of his force over the river, and that portion remaining on the left bank was attacked on Tuesday, routed, and driven back upon Sedan. These are apparently two entirely distinct actions, though going on simultaneously. That at Carignan was probably fought by the troops of the Crown Prince of Saxony, sent to check M'Mahon's progress; while that at Beaumont was brought on by the advanced forces of the Crown Prince. In this case M'Mahon is evidently in the most imminent danger. If, indeed, he has allowed himself to be attacked on the right bank whilst facing towards Metz—if he has allowed half

his army on each bank to be overwhelmed by superior forces—no words can be strong enough to express the blame which should attach to his bad generalship. M'Mahon started from Rheims on the evening of Monday, the 22nd. On Tuesday, the 30th, eight days later, he is caught in the very worst position in which an army can possibly be taken, astride a great river, close up against neutral territory, into which, if he is driven, he is destroyed. He had barely seventy miles to march from Rheims to the Meuse. Unless he were certain that he could perform the distance in very much less time than eight days, it was madness to attempt the movement. He must have calculated on a much more rapid march. We cannot believe he would have been guilty of so gross a blunder as to make such slow marches intentionally, or to attempt such a movement unless he had reason to suppose he could get clear of the Meuse before the Crown Prince could possibly be on his flank. He started from Rheims on Monday, the 22nd. It was not till Wednesday, the 24th (we have it from the pen of the *Times* special correspondent), that the Prussian head-quarters at Ligny, eight or nine miles south-east of Bar-le-Duc, knew of the evacuation of Châlons; yet so slow has been M'Mahon's march that we abandoned the idea that he was really endeavouring to cross the Meuse, and so slow have been his movements that the Crown Prince, over whom he had two days' start, has been able to strike him on the flank. When first the idea was broached by us that this flank march was in contemplation by M'Mahon, we said that the whole affair was a question of calculation of time—that unless it could be with certainty accomplished in such time that he could reach Metz before the forces of the King could come to relieve Prince Frederick Charles, it was inconceivable that he would really attempt such a movement. Strategy is no sealed book. M'Mahon and his staff must have among them men who know these things as well as we do, and it is, we repeat now, inconceivable that M'Mahon attempted this march, unless he was led to believe that he could do it in two or three days less time than it has taken. We cannot but suppose his intendment to have been in fault, or that the demoralised condition of his troops was such that long marches were found to be out of the question. At all events, a fatal blow has been struck, if these accounts are not exaggerated. If, indeed, M'Mahon has been driven along the left bank of the Meuse to Sedan, then his last hope is gone. But we have yet to be assured that M'Mahon's whole army was here. The Prussian despatch, which speaks of the vast extent of the battle-field, seems to indicate as much. But it is, indeed, so incredible; it is so hard to believe it possible, that French generalship, which we are accustomed to associate with the name of Napoleon, can have sunk to so low an ebb, that we can scarcely yet bring ourselves to believe that the forces engaged on the Meuse were more than a corps, destined to manoeuvre here and delay the Prussians, and cover the dispatch of the main army to Paris by a circuitous route by rail. If, indeed, M'Mahon's whole army is driven up to Sedan, then we shall see him hemmed in at Mezières, as is Bazaine at Metz, and the fate of the two great French armies is sealed."

GERMAN OFFICIAL REPORT OF THE BATTLES AT METZ.

We reprint, from a Berlin journal, the subjoined official German report of the battles at Metz, and would be glad to do the same by a French official account if we could; but that is impossible, for the simple but sufficient reason that no such document is known to exist:—

The combats of Aug. 14, 16, and 18 are closely connected with each other. After the defeat sustained by their advanced guard at Saarbrück, on the 6th, and in consequence of the complete dissolution of their right wing, under Marshal M'Mahon, the bulk of the hostile army retreated on the line of the Moselle. The fortress of Thionville and the very important position of Metz, with its entrenched camp, gave extraordinary strength to this line. A direct attack upon it would have been difficult. The armies were, therefore, directed south of Metz, towards the Moselle, in order to pass the river above the fortress, and so attack the enemy. The movement of great mass, which could only be carried on in a considerable breadth of country, had to be secured by special precautions. The First Army consequently undertook to cover this march.

As the enemy for a time seemed disposed to await an attack on this side Metz, on the right bank of the Moselle, in a strong position on the French side, the nearest divisions of the Second Army were so approximated to the First Army as to be able promptly to support it. Meantime the other corps of the Second Army had already crossed the Moselle. The enemy consequently saw himself forced, in order not to lose his communications with Paris, to evacuate the right bank of the Moselle before Metz, as he could not venture to attempt an attack on our movement. The advanced guard of the First Army, pushing on towards him, promptly discovered this retreat, and in the encounter of Aug. 14 threw itself on the French rear guard, forcing it forward on the marching column of their main army. The enemy was obliged to move round some of his divisions to support it, while on our side the entire 1st and 7th Corps, and some detachments of the nearest (9th) army corps of the Second Army joined in the engagement. The enemy was forced back, and pursued till under shelter of the cannons of the Metz forts on the right bank of the Moselle. This combat had, moreover, this great advantage, that it delayed the enemy's retreat. This advantage it was possible to profit by.

Two roads lead from Metz to Verdun, the direction which the French had to take in case of a retreat upon Paris. Those corps of the Second Army which had already passed the Moselle were immediately directed against the southern road, the one most easily reached, in order, if possible, to arrest the enemy's flank march on that side. This important task was brilliantly accomplished through a bloody and victorious battle. The fifth division (Stulpnager) threw itself on the Frossard corps, which covered the enemy's flank. The French Army, with almost all its corps, was gradually engaged; while on the Prussian side the rest of the 3rd Army Corps, the 10th Army Corps, a regiment of the 9th Corps, and a brigade of the 8th took part. Prince Frederick Charles assumed the command. The ground first won by us in a twelve hours' struggle was victoriously held, the southern road from Metz to Verdun was gained and retained, and the enemy's retreat on Paris by this road cut off.

The flank march by the north road, or by making a wide détour further north, still remained possible. Although such a retreat entailed on the enemy great dangers, it appeared possible that he would undertake it, as the only mode of escape from a highly unfavourable position, since otherwise the army was cut off from Paris and all its means of assistance. On the Prussian side the 17th was turned to account in bringing forward for a final struggle the necessary corps, part of whom were already over the Moselle, while part had in the night thrown various bridges over it above Metz. At the same time the enemy's movements were carefully watched by the cavalry. His Majesty the King remained on the spot until, from the advanced hour of the day, no further movement of the enemy was to be expected. On the 15th it was possible that the decisive combat might come off. In directing the troops it had equally to be considered that the enemy might try to escape by the north road, and that, perceiving the great difficulty of this, he might prefer to accept battle immediately before Metz, with his back turned towards Germany. His position after the previous operations of the German armies left him no other choice. On the morning of the 16th the First Army, with the 7th Corps, was posted south of Gravelotte, the 8th Corps and first cavalry division being south of Rezonville (the 1st Corps of the third cavalry division remained on the right bank of the Moselle, before Metz). This army was first directed to cover, in the wood of Vaux and at Gravelotte, the movement of the Second Army against any sortie of the enemy from Metz. The Second Army advanced in the morning by echelons of the left wing towards the north road, maintaining communication on the right with the First Army. The 12th Corps took the direction by Mars la Tour and Jarny, while the Guards corps advanced the highway to the west of Rezonville, towards Coulre farm, north of St. Marcel. These three corps composed the first line, and if the assigned points were reached, the north main road was gained. Saxon and Prussian cavalry preceded the columns as skirmishers.

As soon as it was found that the enemy did not contemplate a retreat, and could therefore only remain before Metz, it was necessary to move the three corps considerably to the right, and to bring up both armies against the enemy. The 10th and 3rd Corps followed in a second line, and then, as the last reserve, the 2nd Army Corps, which since two a.m. had been marching from Pont-à-Mousson towards Buxières. About 10.30 it was evident that the enemy had abandoned his retreat, and had taken up a position on the last ridges before Metz. The Second Army was thereupon ordered to carry out its sweep to the right, and, keeping up communication with the First, to direct its centre and left wing on Verneville and Amanvillers. The general attack was not to begin till the movement was entirely executed, and till the front of the strong position could be simultaneously attacked on the right flank. The 9th Corps first threw itself on advanced detachments of the enemy. Towards noon artillery fire from the neighbourhood of Verneville announced that the corps at that spot was engaged. The First Army was consequently ordered to occupy the attention of the enemy on the heights by artillery fire from its front. About 12.45 they opened a slow but well-directed cannonade upon the eminences

of the Point-de-Jour, to which the enemy replied from numerous batteries. The thunder of the cannon was drowned by the strange noise of the mitrailleuses.

The position was an exceedingly strong one, and its security was increased through fortifications, and by ranges of rifle-pits. At certain points it had the appearance of a fortress. The attack could not succeed until our commanders had achieved the difficult task of so directing their measures that the whole of the troops were ready as well for the battle on the north as on the east, and the latter attack could only commence when it was as on the east, and the enemy had given up a retreat. It was not practicable, however, to completely carry out the movement, which was to envelop the enemy's right wing, and nothing remained but to attack the front of this formidable point. The struggle was long and difficult at various points, on the left wing the Saxons fought, and the Guards near St. Marie-aux-Écluses, afterwards near the precipitous slopes of St. Privat-la-Montagne, and in that village, and in Roncourt. On the right, at St. All, and beyond at Habouville, the wood of La Cuisse and Verneville, as far as the northern road from Metz to Verdun, the Guards and the 9th Army Corps sustained the struggle, at Gravelotte and in the Vaux wood up to the Moselle the 5th and 7th Corps, and from the further side of the river bank a brigade of the 1st Corps took part in the fight, likewise some single divisions of the 3rd and 10th Corps, especially artillery. On the enemy's side the whole of the main French army was engaged, even the troops originally destined for the Baltic expedition, with the exception of McMahon's divisions not stationed at Metz, and the larger part of Fialy's corps.

The unsurpassable bravery of our troops succeeded, at the approach of dusk, in storming the heights and driving the enemy from his whole line; the 2nd Corps, which had been marching since two a.m., taking a decisive part in this, on the right wing. The battle terminated about 8.30, when it was quite dark. During the night the enemy drew back into his entrenched camp at Metz. Numberless wounded and stray detachments still wandered in the neighbourhood of the battle-field. His Majesty, who had directed the battle ultimately from the hill of Gravelotte, made Rezonville his headquarters.

This battle formed the conclusion of the previous strategic movements round Metz, and the result is that the hostile army is for the time cut off from all communication with Paris. It is a subject of rejoicing that on this eventful day the brotherhood in arms of the Prussian, Saxon, and Hessian troops has been sealed in blood.

MISCELLANEOUS NEWS.

An official German despatch from Bar-le-Duc, dated on the evening of the 26th ult., states that the small fortress of Vitry capitulated on the previous day. Two battalions of Mobile Guards who had lost their way were dispersed by the German cavalry, and 850 taken prisoners, together with seventeen officers.

The pillage of a French baggage-train near Rheims by 300 or 400 soldiers is reported by many private letters, but the disgrace to the army is somewhat extenuated by the fact that the men guilty of this atrocious act were goaded to desperation at finding that, after long privations, the train conveying them to Rheims, where they hoped to get something to eat, was shunted for several hours in order to make room for the Emperor's voluminous baggage-waggons to pass. It was the Emperor's stores that they plundered; and what they could not eat on the spot they sold for next to nothing to Jew dealers in "marine stores," of Rheims.

The *Carlsruhe Gazette* announces that Count Bismarck-Bohlen, the German Governor of Alsace, has provisionally installed himself at Haguenau, having previously held a consultation with Lieutenant-General Werden, who commands the besieging force at Strasbourg.

It is stated that reports, confidentially made to our Government by those who possess the opportunities of correctly estimating the reinforcements forwarded from beyond the Rhine during the last fortnight, lead to the irresistible inference that not only have the gaps in the Prussian ranks caused by death, wounds, and disease been filled up, but that the German armies in France are to-day by many thousands more numerous than they were when they crossed the frontier.

The French Minister of the Interior communicates the following intelligence, under reserve:—"Phalsburg continues its heroic resistance. Two attempts at assault have been repulsed; in the first the Prussians lost 500 men, and in the second 1000 men. The commandant of the place has declared that he will rather blow up the fortress and perish in the ruins than surrender."

The town and fortress of Strasbourg has been bombarded by the siege train from Kehl since the evening of the 23rd ult. The German advanced posts have been pushed forward within from 500 to 800 yards of the fortress. The damage done in Strasbourg is considerable. Several small powder-magazines have blown up, and the citadel, magazine, library, and many buildings have been burnt. The German losses are small. It is said that 50,000 German troops now invest Strasbourg. The Germans are diverting the river Ill, for the purpose of draining the moat. An attempt at negotiation made by the Bishop of the diocese had failed; and complaint is made by the Germans that an envoy they sent with a flag of truce was fired upon by the French. Forty-two new guns have been placed in position.

MRS. GEORGINA MAX MULLER, of Oxford, the wife of the great German scholar of that name, has commenced a subscription in aid of the wounded at the seat of war. The appeal of Mrs. Max Muller has been met with contributions of money, lint, bandages, linen, shirts, &c., by the University, city, and county of Oxford. The Mayress of Oxford (Mrs. Hughes) and the wife of Dr. Adland have also undertaken to receive donations without respect to nationality.

HEALTH OF THE EMPEROR NAPOLEON.—The London correspondent of the *Manchester Guardian* writes:—"The health of the Emperor continues to decline. Fatigue, hardship, and disappointment have made havoc of what remained of his debilitated constitution. In addition to the physicians ordinarily in attendance, more than one eminent practitioner has been summoned to visit him from England. It would be idle to pretend that concourable men so consulted would disclose any portion of the knowledge confidentially acquired, so that they would allow the gossiping world to know their opinion. But no one who has been in the camp at Metz or Châlons contradicts the ominous surmises that in the last few days begin to find audible voice. From what I hear this morning I should not be surprised at any announcement regarding him."

A SAD INCIDENT OF THE WAR.—The senior surgeon attached to a regiment of the Prussian Guards was called away during the recent great battle near Metz to attend to the Colonel, who had been dangerously wounded. An assistant surgeon accompanied him. The assistant was soon shot in the leg. He had to be carried to the rear. Before he had been carried many yards a ball took off his head. The surgeon left his comrade and hastened to the Colonel, whose wound he dressed. While doing so he learned that his eldest son had fallen and died. He could not, however, go in quest of the body till at a late hour at night. Others had traversed the field with lanterns, but had failed to find his son. The unhappy father determined to make another attempt. He went off alone and without a lantern, being sure that he could detect his son by his long beard. Carefully feeling the faces of the slain he groped his way through the heaps of dead bodies. At last his fingers touched a long beard. On a light being brought he learned beyond all possibility of doubt that his son was numbered with the dead.

ROYAL NATIONAL LIFE-BOAT INSTITUTION.—A meeting of this institution was held, on Thursday, at its house, John-street, Adelphi—Thomas Chapman, Esq., F.R.S., V.P., in the chair. The minutes of the previous meeting having been read, rewards were granted to the crews of the Banff, New Brighton, and Cleethorpes life-boats, for saving the crews of the following wrecked vessels:—Brig *Regina*, of Salsburgh, nine men saved; that *Rattler*, of Liverpool, five; smack *Jan Wilhelmina*, of Wierdip, two; and brig *Hope*, of Jersey, nine. Various rewards were likewise voted to the crews of shore-boats for putting off from our coasts on the occasion of shipwrecks and saving life. Payments to the amount of £2500 had been made on different life-boat establishments during the past two months. The Independent Order of Odd Fellows (M.U.) had recently sent the society £50 as their contribution for the past year towards the maintenance of their life-boat stationed at Cleethorpes, which has since been instrumental in saving the lives of two shipwrecked crews. The late Mr. Charles Lloyd, of Kennington, who had passed his earlier days at sea, and who had been providentially preserved from drowning upon nine several occasions, had bequeathed the sum of £500 to the institution to defray the cost of a life-boat. New life-boats had been sent by the institution, during the past month, to Seaham, in the county of Durham, and to Banff, N.B. At both these places demonstrations had been arranged to take place on the occasions of the first launch of the boats; and, in addition, the Seaham life-boat had been publicly exhibited en route to its station at Harrogate, its cost having been contributed to the society through the indefatigable exertions of the Misses Carter, of that town. It was decided to form a new life-boat station at the mouth of the Boyne, in Ireland. Reports having been read from Captain Ward, R.N., the Inspector, and Captain D. Robertson, R.N., the Assistant Inspector of life-boats to the institution, on their recent visits to the coast, the proceedings terminated.

RELIEF FOR THE SICK AND WOUNDED.

THE LONDON SOCIETY'S OPERATIONS.

WE are happy to learn that the sympathy of the public with the benevolent objects of this society is increasing every day; subscriptions are pouring in from various quarters, and local organisations are being formed in every part of the three kingdoms. Donations in kind come in heaps, and everyone who has anything which he thinks might be useful to the poor wounded soldier takes it to St. Martin's-lane. On Wednesday a gentleman came in with a well-made leather rest for a broken arm. He had found it of the greatest use to himself after a serious accident, and he felt sure it would be a comfort to some wounded soldier. We mention this fact because, although trifling in itself, it shows the warmth of the feeling which is beginning to spring up in every direction. We were sorry to hear that the advice the society had received from its agents abroad did not wholly justify the statements so generally made on behalf of the Prussians that they make no difference in the case of wounded French or Prussians. The agents state that in many places the French wounded were found lying out, exposed to the cold and wet, on wet, rotten mattresses, and that the treatment of their wounded was at least postponed in favour of the Prussian wounded. Great allowance must, of course, be made for the Prussian military medical authorities, who are completely overwhelmed by the mass of suffering with which they have to deal, and they are hardly acting exceptionally in looking to their own men first; but we trust to the chivalry of the profession, and the known intentions and wishes of the King of Prussia, for the inauguration of a better state of things, and a little more equality of treatment amongst men who, in their extreme suffering, are all equally objects of sympathy. With respect to the distribution of the medical and surgical stores, it is admitted that by much the larger proportion goes to the Prussian sick; but this is justified by two reasons. In the first place, the Prussians have the most wounded and prisoners; and, in the second, the French rear in the field is unapproachable, and the second French army is shut up at Metz. The society has, however, established its chief depot in Luxembourg as a central position, whence either side can be reached according to the necessities of the case. The Belgian Government gives every facility, including free transit for bales and boxes and the absence of all interference by the Custom-house officers. The society has agents at Calais, Boulogne, and Dunkirk, to receive the contributions and forward them to the seat of war, and is daily receiving letters of thanks from both sides for its promptitude and liberality. Relations have been formed with the American society in Paris, and a united ambulance corps has proceeded thence to the field. Thirty nurses accompany this expedition. The society has already received upwards of £50,000 in subscriptions, including £1000 each from Manchester and Birmingham, as first remittances. If, however, the public liberality should extend to ten times that amount, ample and beneficial use could be found for all. Next to money, the most acceptable gifts would now be surgical instruments, of which there is a perfect dearth at the seat of war.

In almost every town in the kingdom auxiliary societies have been formed, and subscriptions and contributions come in rapidly, but neither so rapidly nor so plentiful as the necessity of the case demands. Every possible effort should be made in all directions, and made promptly, for the number of sufferers needing help is enormous.

MODERN KNIGHTS-ERRANT.

An interesting letter is published from one of a party of three members of the British Parliament, Sir C. Dilke, Mr. Auberger Herbert, and Mr. Winterbottom, who have joined the War Hospitals Corps at the seat of war. Dating from Lunenburg, the 18th ult., the writer says:—

"The towns and villages round Würzburg are, and long will be, filled with wounded from that most bloody fight. The order is directed on each side by a Royal commissioner. The commissioner with the army of the Crown Prince is a Count von Götz, to whom the commandant of Weissenburg gave us a letter of introduction. He is always at the Crown Prince's headquarters, or (more properly) half a day's march behind, but in constant communication with them. We used our letter to him as a military pass, and followed him from time to time till we caught him at Saarbourg on Monday last. Indeed, having once reached the Prussian lines at Weissenburg we found our difficulties as to permission to go on almost at an end. We were on French soil—local authority there was, of course, none—and the Prussians, being in good spirits with their victory and pressing eagerly forward, did not care to stop or even seriously question anyone. My German stood us in good stead. I got on capitally with the officers and men; every one was and is cordial. Meanwhile, the French people don't dislike us, not being Prussians. Our real difficulty was, not permission, but means of getting on and means of getting food. Both were increasingly difficult to us the farther we advanced. Walking and carrying our knapsacks we found did not secure us all the respect and attention we claimed and, indeed, needed. Carriages there are none. So, on Monday morning, when we met Count Götz, he recommended us to join a volunteer party with him who have donned the cross, and so we did. The party consists of about eight young men of our own age, of very good families (so Count Götz, who is not without aristocratic prejudices, informed us) and about fifty young men, mostly from the Rhine Provinces, who are the rank and file. The latter receive some small pay from some of the Rhine towns. All are, of course, volunteers. The stamp on the badge and the card authorising its use entitle the bearer to free quarters, just as if he were in the army. The whole of the little army is under a Baron von Witzleben, a fine man, a little over middle age, cheerful and courteous, a thorough German not speaking a word of any other language. Count Götz, on the other hand, is a very cultivated man, and speaks English perfectly. He was one of the Hessian commissioners to England at Princess Alice's wedding. He has been very kind. He introduced us to the eight men I have mentioned, and we are now part of the little band, and are duly qualified as officers, and in that character received our billets on Tuesday at Blamont, and last night here, at Lunenburg. I must not neglect to include in our little army eight nuns and three Protestant deaconesses (who all seem, to some extent, to be directed by a priest), also an English lady, who leads five sisters of charity from Würzburg, in Bavaria."

PRINCESS ALICE AT HOME.

A correspondent who visited the hospital for the wounded at Darmstadt, which is under the special charge of Princess Alice, writes:—

"Certainly nothing can be more admirably managed; and of those I have seen as yet it is the brightest, airiest, and most cheerful. The principal building is a permanent one of stone and glass—an ex-conservatory. It stands in charming gardens, with their flower-beds, and shrubberies, and fountains, which, as the Princess says, the Frenchmen gallantly tell her remind them of the waterworks of Versailles. Through these are scattered a number of succursales—wooden pavilions where the double rows of beds stand at ample intervals, with canvas doors at the ends, to be looped up at will, and with openings in the roof, protected from the wet, but open to the wind. The Princess says the French strongly protest against the fresh air, while the Germans, on the contrary, very sensibly welcome it as the best of specifics. She ought to be mistress of the inward sentiments of the patients, for they all seem to take her into their most inmost confidence. It was worth a journey from England alone to see the faces of the sufferers lighten up as they reflected the sisterly smiles on her. As she passed along and stopped and spoke to each the invalid laid himself back on his pillow with an expression of absolute *bien être*, and for the moment seemed to find something more than an anodyne for his pain. Her passing along the wards applied the most infallible of tests to the cases. If

her presence did not sooth the pain wrinkles out of a man's face, or bring something like tranquillity on his drawn mouth, and cause a flash of light to his eye, you were quite sure to hear he was in an extremely bad way. Nor was it with the wounded alone she seemed the animating spirit of the place. Nurses and doctors and convalescents walking about all addressed her with the same cordial familiarity—only tempered by their evident reverence and love. The truth is—and one sees it everywhere else as in Darmstadt—this war has not merely made Germany a nation but a family; and a thorough family feeling pervades north and south, high and low alike. Nothing seems regarded as a sacrifice, and the humblest work that can serve the great national cause is regarded as a pleasure and an honour. The theatre at Mayence is given over to preparations for the hospital service; and the ladies of the place, old and young, go to work, day and night, in batches and in gangs, in the coarsest materials and roughest work. Here at Darmstadt no small portion of the palace is devoted to the same purpose, and the work-rooms communicate directly with the Princess's apartments. There are piles of mattresses in the galleries, hills of blankets and cushions below, chests of lint, bundles of bandages, mountains of cushions, sandbags for absorbing blood, wooden receptacles for shattered limbs. There is a continual influx and a constant outflow of all that. This afternoon the Princess's phaeton had the back seat piled high with cushions wanted for immediate use, decently covered up, it is true, with a carriage rug; but there were so many of them that the rug was sheer hypocrisy and absurd illusion. A huge bundle of flannel seriously embarrassed the coachman's legs and style, while it says much for the paving of the Darmstadt streets that all of the tenpots stowed away in the sword-case beneath the ladies' seat reached their destination in safety."

A HORNE HOST IN THE BOIS-DE-BOULOGNE.

AMONG other preparations that have been made for the defence of Paris is the collection of an immense number of cattle and sheep in the Bois-de-Boulogne to serve as food for the citizens and garrison should the Germans invest the city. Sufficient stores, it is said, have been collected to last for two months; but it is also said, we know not with what degree of truth, that, while the materials for providing beef and mutton for the people have been provided in abundance, food for the bullocks and sheep has been forgotten. Be that as it may, the following account of a visit to the Bois (which, by-the-by, is now closed to all save officials) will be read with interest:—"On our arrival at the barrier it is the turn of those going in, and our carriage is stopped amid a mass of others. There are enormous waggon-loads of hay, bound for the outlying forts, soldiers on horseback, gendarmes, commissariat waggons, and a field-piece or two waiting with us. At a given signal from a sergent-de-ville the tide of arrival is turned, and we who are waiting are permitted egress. There are looks of curious scrutiny as we pass the fortification walls, and the odd-looking men whose cab has kept close by ours ever since we made for the Bois draw closer. But we neither put questions nor make a parade of observation, and when our drive brings us to the iron gates of the noble inclosure we ask indifferently of the men on guard there if it is still allowed to drive in the Bois and are at once admitted. The woods and gardens, the racecourse at Longchamps, and the meadows around it present an extraordinary spectacle. People a thick wood with thousands upon thousands of cattle, and you see a primeval forest. The domestic character of bulls and cows departs the instant they are put by the thousand amid thickly-planted foliage, and when they are seen from between the brown trunks of innumerable trees. The effect is so strikingly novel that the spectator asks himself what there is in this unfamiliar conjunction of familiar objects to make it unlike anything else he ever saw. The answer is simple. It is not animated beef he sees, but a herd of horned animals who tear down the boughs of trees, and munch up choice leaves and flowers, and roll massively over parterre and shrub, reckless of consequences, and as if asking each what the deuce this unwonted liberty can mean. Twenty-seven thousand head of cattle make a pretty show in a wood, the boughs and leafy shadows of which have an oddly magnifying effect. Turn which way we would there were gigantic animals tearing at the trees, or browsing peacefully amid their trunks; and the effect was exactly as if they were in a state of nature. The sheep were less picturesque, but quite as extraordinary. There seemed miles of them. The plain of the racecourse was like a field of waving corn from the mass of moving yellow wool with which it was covered, and now and again, when the thick foliage broke, and we came to open meadows full of cattle, it was exactly as if a boldly mottled mass of red and white marble had been inclosed. The dun, red, and white of the cattle were amalgamated, and they were so closely packed that it seemed as if you could walk upon their backs as on a level floor. So all through the avenues in which the beauty, the fashion, and the frivolity of the world have foregathered these many years. Beasts rambling among the trees and flowers, soldiers in uniform washing their feet in the lake of the cascade, and other soldiers defiling up the walks and groves, and that was all. It was not merely that the customary flirtations, costumes, and equipages were wanting. There was complete solitude save for the things described. Our carriage was the only one to be seen, and the people at the café by the cascade resented as an outrage our request for breakfast. A waiter stood at the door, napkin in hand, the little tables had glass and snowy linen, and there were attendants behind the counter. But it was all phantom-like and ghostly. They were bewildered, stunned, appalled at the prospect before them and the sights at their door, and the waiter ran away the instant we addressed him. On the patch of green in front of the café from which a Clothilde and Thérèse have haunted and ogled for many a season, a poor sheep lay dying; the tramp of common soldiers resounded in the favourite walks of the arcadian exquisites of the Second Empire, and the line of fortifications just visible in the distance, instead of contributing an ornamental adjunct to the landscape, had had its archways turned into storehouses for grain."

At the meeting of the Liverpool Chamber of Commerce, on Wednesday, it was resolved again to memorialise the Government to issue an Order in Council for the prohibition of the exports of munitions of war.

A FEW days ago Mr. Edward Collingwood, a distant relative of the naval hero of that name, died, in Tynemouth union workhouse, at the age of sixty-six. In early life Mr. Collingwood was in good circumstances.

FATAL ACCIDENT.—Mr. Alexander Tackett, stationmaster at East Linton, near Dunbar, was run over, on Wednesday, by a North-Eastern express-train. Mr. Tackett had been holding a conversation with the driver of a goods-train and was stepping across the north line to return to the station, when he was caught by the express. His body was dreadfully mutilated. He has left a widow and one child.

A SOMEWHAT SERIOUS ACCIDENT happened, on Wednesday, to Mr. D'Eyncourt, the magistrate at the Marylebone Police Court. He was thrown from his horse when riding from his house to the Barnet railway station on his way to London. So violent was the shock that he remained insensible for upwards of half an hour. When he recovered consciousness he proceeded to the court and disposed of the day charges, but was evidently suffering greatly from the shock to the system. Mr. Knox took his place in the afternoon.

THE BISHOP OF EXETER ON THE WAR.—Bishop Temple preached at Okehampton church on Sunday, and made an eloquent appeal to the congregation on behalf of the sick and wounded in the war. He remarked that, whatever might be said for the rulers of the two countries who had thus gone recklessly and suddenly to war, it could not be denied that a vast majority of the poor soldiers who were fighting were simply obeying the orders of their rulers, and had not either the knowledge or the power to prevent the war from being fought. Let it be granted that the rulers had made a fearful mistake in going to war, let it be granted that the war ought never to have been fought at all, still the vast majority of those who suffered from it were quite innocent of any blame on that account. Of course it was quite true that the chief duty of doing what was to be done for the sick and wounded ought to rest upon the nations that had gone to war, and it must rest there, for, whatever might be done in England, it would fall far short of the demand. The appeal was liberally responded to by the large congregation assembled.

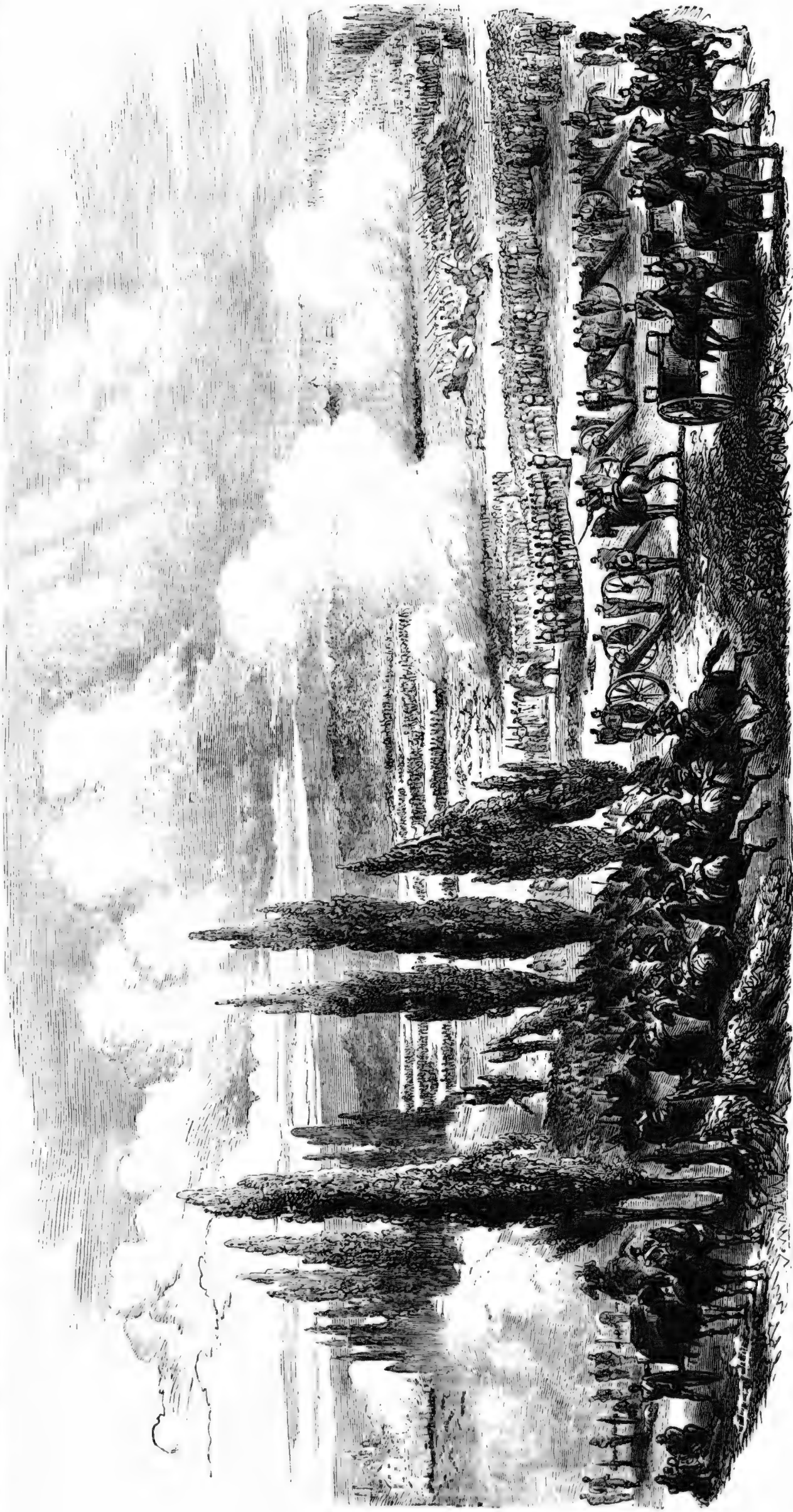
THE BATTLE OF VIONVILLE.

THE succession of events in the great war between France and Germany has been so rapid, battles have followed each other so quickly, and the accounts of them have reached us in a way so fragmentary, and often in inverted order, that it is difficult for readers who do not make a study of details to keep the progress of occurrences clearly before their minds. For instance, in our last week's Number, we were enabled to copy from a daily contemporary, which has latterly been very forward

with its intelligence, an account of the battle of Gravelotte, fought on Aug. 18; and now we are only getting the details of the fight at Vionville, on the 16th. It will be of use, therefore, to briefly recall the course of events, and the dates of the chief combats that have taken place; premising, however, that the King of Prussia, exercising the rights usually conceded to the victor, has given names to three of the most recent great battles. That of Aug. 14, which was by the French at first called the battle of Longeville, and by the Germans that of Pange,

is to be known as the battle of Courcelles; that of the 16th, called variously that of Mars-la-Tour, of Ironville, and of Gravelotte, is to be the battle of Vionville; and the last and greatest, that of the 18th, the battle of Gravelotte. The declaration of war was issued by the Emperor Napoleon on July 15; on the 16th the French Chambers presented addresses to his Majesty, when M. Rouher made the now famous declaration that France had been diligently preparing for war during the preceding four years, and waiting for a plausible pretext to commence

hostilities. Beyond mere outpost affairs nothing occurred till Aug. 2, when the French made their vaunted attack on Saarbrück, when the Prince Imperial received his "baptism of fire," and his father boasted of a victory in a battle that was really never fought, and of capturing a town that remained taken. While the French had been inactive (from whatever cause) during a whole fortnight, the Germans had been busy mobilising their forces, and had so well employed their time that the Crown Prince, at the head of the Third Army, was in a position to



THE BATTLE OF VIONVILLE, AUG. 16: GRAND CAVALRY CHARGES.

storm Weissenburg on the 4th, and to follow up that blow by practically annihilating M. Mahon's army, on the 6th, at Worth; while on the same day General Steinmetz, with the First German Army, did almost as great havoc upon Froeseard's corps in the conflict between Saarbrück and Forbach, the fight having commenced at the first-mentioned town on German territory, and ended, at the last-named, on French soil. Again a hull in fighting occurred, filled up, however, by the advance of the Crown Prince and some brisk skirmishing, till the 14th (Sunday), when Marshal Bazaine commenced his retreat from Metz, and was attacked during the operation of crossing the Moselle by the German advanced guard, which engaged what may be called the rear-guard of the French—the object of the one side being to get away, and that of the other to stop

or hinder them. That was the battle of Longeville, or Pange, or, as the Germans now call it, Courcelles; the effect being that the Germans so far succeeded in their object of retarding Bazaine's march as to enable the army of Prince Frederick Charles, supported by Steinmetz, to cross the Moselle above Metz, to bear round upon the French and challenge their progress on the road to Verdun. Then followed the battle of Aug. 16, or Vionville, which, again, was so far successful as to stop Bazaine's retreat, and to force him back towards Metz, though not quite into the lines there. That work, however, was completed on the 18th by the battle of Gravelotte, the account of which was given in our last Number. We now publish an illustration of the battle of the 16th—or Vionville, as King William has decided to name it—and to supply an

account of the fight as given by the correspondent of the *Times*, who, writing from Vionville on the evening of the 16th, when the contest had scarcely closed, says:—

"This morning the war commenced in real earnest for the Second Army, and what was intended at first as a simple reconnaissance ended in a very serious engagement. At five o'clock in the morning we left our quarters at 'Phancourt,' and I had imagined it was only the usual routine of route-marching, when suddenly some batteries of artillery and a squadron of cavalry detached themselves from the column, and I obtained information that a reconnaissance was about to be made in the direction of Metz. The Prussian videttes were soon seen in the far distance, and to everybody's great delight

they were observed to begin to circle left, which proclaimed the enemy in sight. Shortly afterwards we arrived at the cavalry camp of the sixth division, under General Rheinbarben, who quickly mounted, and we advanced towards the little village of Vionville. Shortly afterwards the dropping shots of the cavalry skirmishers were heard, and at 9.45 the first gun announced that the battle had really commenced. The Prussian force, which at that moment numbered but the fifth cavalry division and a brigade of infantry, helped by some half-dozen batteries, commenced the contest against a force which certainly quadrupled them. Soon the command became thoroughly general, the Prussians advancing in the way that now has become almost conventional, in the shape of a half moon. The French retired towards their left rear,



EPISODE OF THE CAPTURE OF WEISSENBURG: DEFENCE OF A FARMHOUSE IN THE LOWER TOWN BY PEASANTS.—(SEE PAGE 149.)



SCENE AT THE RAILWAY STATION, CHALONS, ON THE ARRIVAL OF A CONVOY OF WOUNDED.—(SEE PAGE 147.)

seeming to hold the village of Vionville with great obstinacy, covered by artillery on the heights. This was in turn answered by the Prussians, and they were observed to retire. At eleven the first brigade of infantry, under the command of General Lehman, came into action and advanced in echelon regiments under the most galling fire of mitrailleuse, three on the right and five battalions in the same formation on their left rear. The whole force then brought its left forward, and advanced on the enemy. The French seemed to serve their guns far quicker than the Prussians, but with less result; and I saw on one occasion a French battery engage a Prussian, which, although it fired seven shots before the others did three, the three completely disabled the French battery, whose shot had been over them all the time. I spoke to an officer of artillery on the subject late in the day, and he completely confirmed me.

"The infantry were all engaged, both right and left; and a regiment of hussars debouched from the road, with a battery of artillery on their flank, and, coming round the little village at a trot, formed line to the left, and charged the infantry. It was one of the prettiest sights imaginable, though, when the excitement and dust were over, the mass of horses and red coats that lay on the ground convinced one that it is mere murder to send cavalry nowadays against infantry, unless they have tremendous assistance from both infantry and artillery.

"I must not omit to state that a squadron of dragoons, under Prince Wittenstein, took part in the charge, and left half their number on the field. The French right about this time again retired from the effect of some Prussian artillery which had taken up a position on a small hill, from which they played with the greatest precision on the enemy. Throughout the engagement up till now, however, it was apparent that our force was too small to cope with the force before us, and it became a matter of life and death to bring up infantry. From some unexplained cause one corps-d'armée had failed to arrive, and anxiously was the horizon scanned for the helmets, which on a sunny day you can see for miles.

"Up to this time the soldiers' opinion of the day was that it was throughout a fearful fire on the part of the French, and that their shooting was beyond all praise. They say that '66 was child's play, as regards fire, compared to what they have had to withstand in the present war; and, moreover, that they have never seen the French make so good a stand as to-day. But, in the mean time, the want of infantry caused a somewhat serious sacrifice of cavalry, who had repeatedly to charge both infantry and artillery to hold them in check. The men do not ride particularly well to look at, but the manner in which they ride into the jaws of death is really quite à la Balaklava. One regiment—the 7th Cuirassiers—was ordered to charge a battery of artillery, and actually got into it; one of the first in, I am proud to say, being a young Englishman who has taken service in the Prussian army and has just got his lieutenantcy. It went in some 300 strong, and what its loss was I tremble to say. When I next saw it, it seemed to me scarcely a hundred, all told. At 2.30 the reserve artillery was brought up, and the cannonade became heavier than ever. The sun, too, at this moment seemed to have come nearer to us, as if to see this fearful butchery of mankind, and the heat became tremendous. Then, wherever you went, came the pleading cry of 'Water, water! for pity's sake give me water!' The Kranken-träger—or bearers of the sick—had now more than they could do, admirably as the whole machinery of the corps worked. A certain number of vans are told off to each brigade, with an adequate number of men with stretchers. These, the moment the fire slackens for the least in any part of the field, through the advance of the troops or other causes, proceed on their errand of mercy and bear the men to the waggon, which is ever in a position as much as possible out of fire. The positions of both the combative forces were perfectly stationary for an hour, a sort of duel being carried on between them, which, though at some distance, was quite near enough to have fearful results. I saw a whole string of prisoners brought in of almost every description of regiment. There were the burly giant cuirassiers, the little French liner, the green-jacketed hussar, and the artilleryman, all chattering away, and seeming to me to be uncommonly glad to be out of the affair at any price.

"Seeing some of the infantry engaged on the extreme right, I went there, and met one regiment just coming out of the action to recruit, being at that moment commanded by a youth of nineteen, having lost thirteen of its officers since the morning. The number of it was the 52nd, and to the usual inquiring glance that all officers who had not seen me before throw over my most unregimental attire, I replied by offering him a drink of some of the dirtiest water I ever saw, which I had procured from a pond, and which to both of us was better than the best iced champagne. There was no inquiring then; I was instantly the best fellow he ever met, and he told me all about what fun it was to be in command, that he thought he was sure to get something now, and that he meant to have another go in directly, &c. He was the most thoroughly English-German boy I ever saw. We stood under a tree together, and I gave him some cigars, and left him. Two hours afterwards I saw his dead body laid out with others in a row, the cigars still stuck between the buttons of his coat. This one little anecdote, when I say it is but a fair sample of other regiments, will show how fearful the loss has been on the Prussian side.

"At 3.40 the Prussians changed their mode of attack, refusing the left, and advancing the right into a more prominent position, while, massed in rear of a hill out of fire, almost in the centre of the position, could be seen five regiments of cavalry in contiguous columns—the Guard Hussars, the dragoons, Ziethen hussars, and cuirassiers, and a finer-looking body of men one would not wish to see. At about 4.15 there came a lull in the firing, as if both sides, tired with this incessant slaughter, had, as if by mutual compact, determined to cease firing, which, considering the troops had been eleven hours on the march and in the battle, was not to be wondered at. The left then retired still more, the right remaining stationary. Thus the matter stood, till, at five o'clock, the 10th Corps, which I had left in the morning, came into action. This seemed to give a new impetus to the whole battle, and the firing became heavier than ever, till the French again retired, but scarcely a quarter of a mile, in which position they remained till its close. Quite late in the evening, the reserve cavalry were ordered to charge the infantry. This they did with loud hurrahs, and, I fear, experienced great loss, as, though I have not yet heard of it, and it was so dark one could not see, being eight o'clock, yet the murderous fire poured into them, evidently, too, from the long time before one heard it, when they were quite close to them, must have emptied many saddles."

A GERMAN PROFESSOR ON TERMS OF PEACE.—Professor Hollenadort has just published a thoughtful review of the political situation, and has put forward some very sensible suggestions in a German newspaper for the use of those on whom will devolve the task of negotiating a peace. What he has written will go the round of the press, and will probably influence the minds of a large number of people. He makes seven propositions, and supports them by cogent reasons. The gist of his proposals is as follows:—1. The conclusion of peace should not involve any interference with internal affairs of France. It is for the French alone to determine who is to be their ruler, and what form of government they are to accept. 2. No addition ought to be made to Prussian territory. 3. Alsace and the German-speaking portion of Lorraine should be added to Baden. Metz and Strasbourg should be declared Federal fortresses. 4. The expenses of the war should be repaid by France. 5. France should formally renounce all claim to interfere in the concerns of Germany, and agree to recognise the King of Prussia in the event of his assuming another title than that by which he is at present known. 6. The right of the Germans to do what they like with their own should be recognised by France. 7. France shall consent to respect private property at sea in time of war. As the results of the war, the Professor hopes that an equitable settlement of the pending dispute with Denmark will be arrived at; that the ex King of Hanover will not be permitted to enjoy his allowance, seeing that to his intrigues and false representations the war between France and Germany is partly due, and that a monument to the German warriors who have fallen in battle will take the form of finishing the cathedral of Strasbourg.

MUSIC.

THE Hereford Festival, respecting which we were only able to give a few lines last week, turned out anything but a pecuniary success, whatever may have been the result in other respects. Not only was the collection for the charity less by upwards of £300 than that of the previous festival, but the number of persons attending was fewer, notwithstanding the unusual attraction of an evening performance in the cathedral. Bearing in mind that the gathering of 1867, spite of the curiosity excited by "Jenny Lind," was a falling off from that of 1864, there is evident ground for uneasiness as to the future; while a decided obligation rests upon these most concerned to discover the cause. Whether it be that the objection against the use of cathedrals for public performances gains strength, or whether, the programmes lacking novelty, a locomotive public, able to hear music enough elsewhere, cares little for them, we cannot tell. Anyhow, the matter must be investigated, and a remedy applied, if the most ancient musical festival in England is not to have a speedy termination. Artistically, the performances were an average success; though, saying this, we do not say much. There are certain radical defects in the constitution of the Three-Choir Festivals, which must be made good before anything great can be done. Chief of these is the rule which hands over the conductor's baton to the cathedral organist—a gentleman well enough, perhaps, in his place, but simply a mischief-maker when attempting to conduct a band and chorus. For this result it would be unfair to blame the person most concerned, who can no more be expected to efficiently discharge so unaccustomed a duty than a railway-guard could be expected to safely drive the engine. We feel sorry, therefore, for Messrs. Wesley, Done, and Smith when the recurring season puts each of them in a false position, and makes them objects of laughter to those who are heedless of the actual conditions under which their work is done. On the other hand, we are told that, were the cathedral organist deposed from his conductor's seat, the festival would speedily come to an end for want of local stimulus. If this be the case—and we cannot say that it is not—all that remains is to choose the lesser evil; the greater being, undoubtedly, the extinction of a venerable celebration which does good even under present unfavourable conditions. The works performed at Hereford were all more or less familiar, with the exception of Mr. Henry Holmes's setting of Dr. Watts's hymn, "Praise ye the Lord; 'tis good to raise"—a composition of no pretensions and little worth. The less known things—Sullivan's "Prodigal Son," Mendelssohn's "Christus," Barnby's "Rebekah," &c.—were among the most successful; but, as a matter of course, "The Messiah" bore away the palm for attraction. Whatever may rise up to claim supremacy, the sacred oratorio remains unaffected. It is, in fact, part of the religion of the people, and as a religious duty the hearing of it seems to be considered. In accordance with rule, the largest collection of the week was made on "The Messiah" day; but, large though it was, lost ground could not be made up, and the festival was, as we have stated, a pecuniary failure. Prince and Princess Christian attended two performances, and the local magnates were not wanting in their train. So far the proceedings had a certain éclat, but not even the chance of Royalty being at the final ball brought together more than a scanty number of dancers. On the whole, therefore, the Hereford Festival of 1870 must be pronounced "stale, flat, and unprofitable."

The Birmingham Festival began on Tuesday last, under very encouraging conditions. Our readers know that this musical solemnity takes place every three years, on behalf of the Birmingham General Hospital, which it very largely benefits. They know, also, that the proceedings are always of exceptional importance, owing to the completeness of the performances and the number of new works brought out. This time not less than five novelties have been given—Mr. J. F. Barnett's "Paradise and the Peri," Mr. Stuart's "Ode to Shakespeare," Mr. Sullivan's "Ball Overture," Herr Hiller's "Nala and Damayanti," and Mr. Benedict's "St. Peter." At the time we write the proceedings are not half over, and we therefore defer till next week an adequate notice of performances of the highest interest and value. Enough for the present that the festival is progressing satisfactorily, and that a large sum will be paid to the noble charity it patronises.

THE SLEEP OF BARBAROSSA.—Now that the "French ravens" of Becker's song have vanished from the Rhine frontier, and German unity is almost an accomplished fact, the Barbarossa legend acquires peculiar interest. We give a version of it, as embodied in Rückert's ballad, the best of the numerous series of which it forms the theme:—

Afar in lone Kyffhäuser,
Within the donjon-keep,
Old Redbeard Fritz the Kaiser
Is sunk in charmed sleep.

His years are yet to number;
He ne'er hath known the tomb;
He holds in tranquil slumber
The castle's central room.

And with him he hath taken
The Empire's ancient might;
The day that sees him waken
Will see it rise to light.

From ivory, right stable,
Is carved the chair of Fritz;
And marble is the table
Where, head in hand, he sits.

His beard, like flame that gloweth—
No flaxen fringe, I wot—
Down through the table floweth,
And binds him to the spot.

He nods, like one a-weary,
And aye, from half-shut eye,
With every hundredth year, he
Bestirs his foot-page high.

Arouse ye, boy, and spying
From forth the castle stair,
Say, are the ravens flying
In circles through the air?

For if around Kyffhäuser
That raven-circle steers,
To sleep must go the Kaiser
For yet a hundred years.

Full Mail Gazette.

PARIS JOURNALISM.—The *Gaulois* suggests that all women not wearing mourning in the streets should be insulted, and that anybody seen to laugh should be deemed to have insulted France. "Rejoice with those that rejoice and mourn with those that mourn," is a maxim consecrated by the wisdom of ages, signifying that it is good and fraternal to satisfy human craving for sympathy; but the French construction is, "Cuff and cudgel those who do not laugh and cry just as you wish." The intolerant hypocrisy of certain organs of the Paris press just now is most revolting. If they were listened to, the category of suspects would be far more extensive than in the worst days of the Reign of Terror. The *Figaro* is furious because only 2000 people have been arrested within the last few days, and the Prefect of Police asks for a short breathing-time, because he has not prison room sufficient to hold the prisoners. That, says the *Figaro*, is a miserable objection. If you cannot lodge all the Prussian spies, shoot them, and then you will have more room. What a grand idea is this! It supposes an immense quantity of spies, too many to be tried by any sort of justice, even that of martial law; therefore, out the difficulty—make plenty of room in the prisons by putting them all to death. *C'est simple comme bon jour.* It harmonises with the system under which at Saarbrück—la première victoire, to be followed by such terrible disasters—the hair apparent to the Crown was made to "touch with fairy hands the frolic pin," and gloat over the fiendish atrocities notwithstanding, Frenchmen in general and Parisians in particular are not so bloody-minded as these writers might lead you to suppose. Still there is now uppermost the very same nervous, cowardly feeling which made the men of '93 send their brethren to the guillotine for fear they should be suspected of lukewarmness themselves. The men who recklessly call for blood in the *Figaro* and elsewhere do not really want to see executions, but they go extreme lengths for fear it should be said that some rival publication shows more fervid patriotism than they. Therefore they call for arrests "on a larger scale than ever." They are particularly hard upon that class of the feminine population the chronicles of whose life in peaceful times formed the staple that sold their paper. For years the staff of the *petite presse* of Paris has frequented and reported the balls, dinners, and *receptions intimes* of the demi-monde; and now these same men, to pander to the rabid war feeling, ask that every woman suspected to be capable of receiving a present from a Prussian officer, if they should come to Paris, should be at once transported to Cayenne. Out upon such exceptional prudery!—*Paris Letter.*

A SHOCKING ACCIDENT took place, last Saturday afternoon, at the Cropley station of the Great Western Railway. Mr. Tingley, schoolmaster of the parish of Eydon, Northamptonshire, had, with his wife and family, been from home for some time on a holiday, and came by train to Cropley, on his way home. After Mr. Tingley had left the train, and was crossing the metals to leave the station, he discovered that he had lost his ticket; and, believing he had dropped it there, he began to look for it. While he was doing so, a cattle-train approached unobserved, and before Mr. Tingley was aware of his danger, he was thrown down and cut to pieces before the eyes of his wife and children.

OBITUARY.

THE MARQUIS OF HERTFORD.—Lord Hertford died, on the 25th ult., in Paris, where he had long resided. The most Noble Richard Seymour Conway, fourth Marquis and Earl of Hertford, Earl of Yarmouth, Viscount Beauchamp, of Hatch Beauchamp, in the county of Somerset, and Baron Conway, of Ragley, in the county of Warwick, in the Peerage of Great Britain, and Baron Conway, of Kiltullagh, in the county of Antrim, in the Peerage of Ireland, a Knight of the Order of the Garter, &c., was the elder of the two sons of Francis Charles, third Marquis, by his wife, Maria Fagniani. He was born Feb. 22, 1800. In early life he held a commission in the 22nd Dragoons, in which regiment he rose to the rank of Captain; and in 1817 and again in 1819 was an Attaché to the Embassy at Paris. From youth he was fond of art than of politics; and though he was once elected—now nearly fifty years since—as M.P. for the county of Antrim, he retired from Parliament in 1826, having held his seat for only four years. He was subsequently for a short time attached to the Embassy at Constantinople. He succeeded to the family honours and estates at his father's death, in the month of March, 1842, and was honoured with the blue ribbon of the Garter in 1846. He took, however, no active part in politics; and, indeed, almost from the time of his accession to the title he lived in voluntary exile, passing an epicurean existence in Paris or its neighbourhood. If he did not inherit his father's vices, at least he inherited some of his eccentricities, and his faults and his virtues were both appreciated at their right value by the society of the gay metropolis which became his adopted home. Both in Paris, personally, and in every other capital, through his agents, he was a constant, and, indeed, in some ways even a munificent, patron of art, not only in the purchase of pictures, but also in articles of virtu—such as bronzes, metal-work, *orfèvrerie, faïence*, &c.; and his contributions to the Musée Rétrospectif at Paris were excelled in splendour and value, as well as in their rarity, only by those contributed from the Imperial treasures. Almost to the end of life he bought largely, and if he wished to secure a prize he seldom limited his agents as to price. The late Marquis was never married; and, as his only brother, Lord Henry Seymour, died before him, also a bachelor, the titles and entailed estates and the representation of this branch of the noble house of Seymour devolve upon the eldest son of his father's cousin, the late Sir George Seymour, G.C.B., who died in January, 1870. He married, in 1811, Georgiana Mary, daughter of the late Admiral Sir George Cranfield Berkeley, G.C.B., by whom he had four daughters and three sons. Of his daughters, one is married to his Royal Highness Prince Victor of Hohenlohe-Langenberg and Count Gleichen; another is Mrs. Ormsby-Gore. His eldest son, who now succeeds to the marquise, is Major-General Francis George Hugh Seymour, an Esquire to the Queen. He is married to a sister of Lord Mansfield. The branch of the Seymours whom Lord Hertford represents are sprung from the second marriage of Sir Edward Seymour, the Speaker of the Long Parliament; while the Duke of Somerset derives his descent from the same gentleman's first marriage with Margaret, daughter and coheir of Sir William Wall, Knight, an Alderman of the city of London. It was Sir Edward's grandson who assumed the name of Conway, and was raised to the Irish Peerage as Lord Conway; and it was the second Baron Conway who acquired the earldom and eventually the marquise of Hertford, and who was great-grandfather of the nobleman so recently deceased. The will of the Marquis has been opened; he has left all his French property to his natural son, M. Richard, though it had always been given out that Bagatelle, his residence in the Bois de Boulogne, would go to the Prince Imperial, and his art-treasures to the galleries of the Louvre.

LORD MIDDLETON.—Viscount Middleton died at his seat, Peper Harrow Park, near Godalming, Surrey, on Monday, in the seventy-third year of his age. The Right Hon. and Very Rev. William John Brodrick, seventh Viscount Middleton, Baron Brodrick of Middleton, in the county of Cork, in the Peerage of Ireland, and Baron Brodrick of Peper Harrow, Surrey, in that of the United Kingdom, was born on July 8, 1798. He was the youngest and last surviving son of the Hon. and Most Rev. Charles Brodrick, D.D., Archbishop of Cashel, who died in 1822, by Mary, daughter of the Right Rev. Richard Woodward, Bishop of Cloyne. He was educated at Eton, where he numbered among his school-fellows the late Dukes of Leeds, Manchester, and Marlborough; Marquis Conyngham, the Earl of Clanwilliam, the late Marquis Camden, and the late Lords Denbigh, Derby, Carington, Sefton, and Feversham. On leaving Eton he entered at Balliol College, Oxford, where he took his Bachelor's degree in Trinity Term, 1820, obtaining a first-class in classical honours. Having been ordained deacon in 1822 by the Bishop of Bangor, and priest in the same year by the Bishop of Winchester, he became successively Curate of Ashstead, Surrey, and Rector of Castle Rising, Norfolk, and in 1839 Rector of Bath, where he gained, and long held, a high reputation as an able preacher and as a hard-working parish clergyman of the moderate Evangelical school. He resigned his living on account of ill-health in 1854, and in the following year he was appointed Canon Residentiary of Wells and Prebendary of Yatton, which posts he held till 1863, when he was promoted to the Deanery of Exeter; but this preferment also he resigned, after having held it only four years. He succeeded his brother in the family honours and estates, both English and Irish, in December, 1863. The late Viscount was twice married—firstly, in March, 1824, to Lady Elizabeth Anne Brudenell, eldest daughter of Robert, sixth Earl of Cardigan, and widow of the Hon. John Perceval, but became a widow in November of the same year; he married, secondly, in March, 1829, his cousin, the Hon. Harriet Brodrick, fourth daughter of George, fourth Viscount Middleton, by whom he has left four sons and one daughter. His eldest son, the Hon. William Brodrick, who has now become eighth Viscount, and who was born in 1830, sits in the Conservative interest for Mid-Surrey. He was educated at Eton, and Balliol College, Oxford, and is a barrister-at-law of Lincoln's Inn. He married, in 1853, Augusta Mary, third daughter of the Right Hon. Sir Thomas F. Fremantle, by whom he has a youthful family. The deceased Viscount's second son, the Hon. George Charles Brodrick, is a Fellow of Merton College, Oxford, and a barrister-at-law of Lincoln's Inn. His youngest son, the Hon. Alan Brodrick, is in holy orders, and at present holds the living of Stagsden, Bedfordshire.

LORD SOMERVILLE.—The death of Aubrey John, thirteenth Baron Somerville, in the Peerage of Scotland, took place on Sunday afternoon last, at Somerville Aston, near Evesham. His Lordship was born in 1838, and in 1868 succeeded his cousin, who was killed by being thrown from his horse in the hunting-field, in Leicestershire. The deceased, at the time he succeeded to the title, was a squatter in Australia, where he had an extensive sugar manufactory. His death was somewhat sudden.

FIELD MARSHAL SIR ALEXANDER WOODFORD.—The death of Field Marshal Sir Alexander George Woodford took place at Chelsea Hospital, on the 26th ult. He was the third senior officer in Her Majesty's service, his first commission bearing date one year after that of General Sir John Fitzgerald, and a few months after that of Field Marshal Sir William Gomm. Sir Alexander Woodford was the eldest son of Lieutenant-Colonel John Woodford, by Lady Susan Gordon, daughter of the third Duke of Gordon and widow of the ninth Earl of Westmoreland. He was born in 1782, and entered the Army as Ensign in the 9th Regiment of Foot, in 1794, while Lord Amherst, the contemporary of General Wolfe, was still Commander-in-Chief. The next year he obtained his Lieutenantcy, and, in 1799, joined the Duke of York's unfortunate expedition to the Low Countries. In the course of the campaign he was severely wounded, and, returning home on sick leave, was quickly promoted to his company. Shortly afterwards he exchanged into the Coldstream Guards, and served with that corps at the storming of Copenhagen, in 1807. In 1808 and the two following years he was attached to the staff of Lord Forbes in Sicily.

In 1810 he attained to the rank of Lieutenant-Colonel, and commanded the light battalion of the Brigade of Guards at the siege of Ciudad Rodrigo, the capture of Badajoz, the battle of Salamanca, the siege of Burgos, and the capture of Madrid. At the battle of Vittoria, the taking of St. Sebastian, the Nivelle, the Nive, and the investment of Bayonne he was in command of the first battalion of his regiment. In 1814 he became Colonel, and commanded the second battalion of it at Waterloo, and throughout the three years' occupation of Paris by the allies. For his services at Waterloo he was decorated with the order of Maria Theresa by the Emperor of Austria, and with the order of St. George by the Emperor of Russia. He also received a gold medal and two clasps for Salamanca, Vittoria, and the Nive, and a silver medal and one clasp for Ciudad Rodrigo and the Nivelle. In 1825 he became Major-General, and was subsequently appointed in succession Aide-de-Camp to the King, Lieutenant-Governor of Malta, Commander of the Forces in the Ionian Islands, and Governor of Gibraltar. His commissions as Lieutenant-General and General are respectively dated 1838 and 1854. In 1852 he received the grand crosses of the Bath and St. Michael and St. George. After having been for some years Lieutenant-Governor of Chelsea Hospital, he was, in 1868, promoted to the governorship of that institution. From 1842 until 1862 Sir Alexander Woodford was Colonel of the 40th Regiment of Foot, and since that period has been Colonel of the Coldstream Guards. In 1868 he was, in conjunction with Sir William Gomm and Sir John Burgoyne, raised to the rank of Field Marshal—they, together with the Duke of Cambridge, being the only officers of that grade in the service. In 1820 Sir Alexander married the daughter of Mr. Fraser, the British Minister at Hamburg. By her, who survives him, he leaves issue. It is rarely that so long and so distinguished a career as that of Sir Alexander Woodford is not more widely known and appreciated by the public. But the events of the last quarter of a century have thrown the Peninsula and Waterloo into the background of history almost as far as Ramilies and Blenheim.

MR. CLEMENT, M.P. FOR SHREWSBURY. After a long illness Mr. Clement died at mid-day on Monday, at his residence, the Council House, Shrewsbury. He was first elected for the borough at the general election of 1865, on the retirement of Mr. H. Robertson, and re-elected at the last election of 1868, in conjunction with Mr. Figgins. A politician from early life, he was throughout a strong supporter of the Liberal party, to whom he rendered great personal services. There will probably be a severe contest for the seat, as two gentlemen some months ago, when it was supposed Mr. Clement was in *extremis*, intimated their intention of contending for the honour of representing the town.

THE REV. THOMAS MADGE.—The Rev. Thomas Madge, the eloquent and respected successor of Lindsey and Belsham in the pastorate of Essex-street Unitarian Chapel, died, early on Monday morning, at a very advanced age, at his residence, Highbury-place. The rev. gentleman was the minister of Essex-street Chapel for more than forty years, during a considerable part of which period the congregation was one of the most influential Dissenting congregations in London. It was during Mr. Madge's ministry that the late Duke of Sussex attended Essex-street Chapel, with the Duke of Grafton and many other celebrated persons. Mr. Madge has been gradually failing for some time past. He had no disease, and died, without pain or suffering, from the silent decay of age.

M. ABOUT RAVING AGAIN.

THE *Soir* contains the following article by M. About, under the title of "Holy Wrath":—"Well, perhaps everything is for the best. If the person of personal power had known the first elements of the art of war; if Marshal Leboeuf had had a plan, if he had been ready; if the strength of our army had been 500,000, instead of 200,000, at the outset; if the millions intended to be enrolled had not been wasted or put aside during a long series of years, we should have beaten the Prussians and invaded the Rhenish provinces; we should have taken Saarbrück, Saarlouis, Mayence, and Coblenz; we should have lighted cigars in the cathedrals of Treves and Cologne; the Prince Imperial would have collected enough of spent balls to make a chaplet for his godfather, the mild Pius IX. And after? Why, the campaign would have ended, like the most glorious of the Second Empire, in a negative result. The King of Prussia would have asked for peace, the Emperor would have thrown himself into the arms of his good brother, and taken the express train to have his triumph in Paris. Prussia would substantially remain what she is, and would continue to pursue her end. France would Bonapartise with joy, glad to give herself up unreservedly into the hands of the conqueror of the whole world. Theresa would repeat her songs, another Leotard would spring on the trapeze, a new Rigobolbo would raise herself to the heroism of public balls, and we should have soon forgotten the 20,000 lives and the 500,000,000, which an easy victory costs. Paris would have remained persuaded that war is an external thing, very amusing to follow at a distance in the papers, and as fertile and varied in emotions as the romances of M. Xavier de Montepin, or the crimes of young Tropicann. As to Europe, it would have applauded us; for that painted drab refuses nothing to those who triumph, but it would consider us more disquieting than ever. Imagine, then, an invincible army in the hands of a dreamer whose imagination pushes him from the east to the west, from the north to the south, with a great store of cannon and mitrailleurs. People don't like that; each one looks out for himself, and murmurs in low tone the old form used in Catholic interments—*hodi mihi, cras tibi*. Selfish Europe would have pitied these poor Prussians, not that they are ever much to be pitied. We do not fleece or kill them after they have laid down their arms. The victories of the Second Empire have been won at our own expense. France imagines it is always rich enough to pay for glory. The French army would make the round of the world without crushing the paw of a dog. Nomatter. The Prussians would have appeared interesting; M. de Bismarck would have

wept; and those fine ladies, whiter than milk, haughty Italians, and dark-bosomed Andalusians, would have had bejewelled at Mortimer's and Castellani's those crocodile tears. But it is we who are conquered; it is France that is invaded; it is Paris—that beautiful Paris so loved of the world—that is preparing to resist the Prussian cannon. This thunderclap has enlightened France and Europe, and things have changed their aspect. We did not know our enemies; we were innocent enough to believe them somewhat like ourselves. They have taken off the mask in the drunkenness of success, and now we can read their souls. This devotee of a King who offers to God all his victories, even those he has not won, these squireen generals who sputter the philosophic language of Kant and Hegel, and vaunt that they will civilise us with their sabres; these apostles of Right Divine, who stuff their pockets with stolen crowns; these German patriots, who have bathed their arms in German blood to the elbows, are mere barbarians in uniform, brigands disguised as soldiers. Tartuffes in harness, Basiles in strong boots—lying, corruption, and delation are their favourite weapons. They have taken from modern civilisation only the improvements which have been introduced into the art of destruction; they preserve the low instincts and unruly appetites of the savage; they honour the spy, shoot at an insurgent the citizen who defends his country; they punish devotion and heroism as crimes, and insult courage in misfortune. Sons of the Goths, *Gothones*, who pillaged Europe at the end of the fourth century, descendants of Alaric who twice fleeced Rome before sacking it, they have retained all the manners of the barbarians except the sentiment of honour. We know now what they want from us—everything we possess. As yet they have ruined only two provinces; they are now marching on Paris to make a grand coup. They are dividing beforehand the £40,000,000 in the Bank. They count on the absurd centralisation of the country to be able to extort three or four times as much when they shall be masters of Paris. Thus it is that Greek and Italian bandits make a rich family 'sing' when they have got the head of it into their filthy hands. What difference is there between King William and a Passatore or a Takos Arvanitakis? The same that there is between a great thief and a small one. The means of action are identical—night marches, manoeuvres hid under the shade of forests, cunning always, and attacks when four to one, assassination, conflagration, pillage. France is aware of all this now. We know the race of rascals that we have to deal with; and, since they ask from us our purses or our lives, we shall seriously take upon ourselves to destroy the Prussian army first and then Prussia. King William's companions who have entered here will not leave it. If they have scattered over our soil all their virile population, as they boast, so much the better for us. We shall then go to Berlin to crush in its nest this barbarity and stupid feudalism. All roads will be open; but I hope we shall select that by the Grand Duchy of Baden, Wurtemberg, and Bavaria. Here are three little monarchies which owe their existence to us, for it was we who created them, about a century ago. And the Bavarians have become the valets of Prussia. And the Wurtembergers have also indulged in the luxury of invading us. And these cabaret-keepers, these ruffians, these smugglers of Baden and of Kehl—these wretched knaves who blackened our boot with their moustaches when we went to spend or squander our money amongst them, have come to pile the booty of the noble people of France on their carts; these are the ravens of the enemy. We will pay them all back with usury—the filthy beggars. We desired no evil to the German race. Whose is the fault if we have become its enemies? And, if France cannot save civilisation except by crushing all this Teutonic vermin, the 1st of January, 1871, must see Europe purged of all these Hohenzollerns, of all these squireens, of all this feudal race, of all these helmeted Jesuits. We must have on our eastern frontier a Germany divided, ruined, and muzzled for a century. We shall employ this century to become free men, a strong and enlightened people, a republican aristocracy of forty millions. Nothing shall turn us from this object, which the flame of Prussian cannon has made us see twice, in 1792 and 1870. And if any one of those men who call themselves 'providential' should come to offer us his services—if an undertaker of public safety should desire to take on himself our happiness and our glory—we shall reply, 'We know you, my friend; take yourself off!'

CURIOUS FRAUD.—A young man, wearing the uniform of a cavalry regiment, and who gave the name George Morris, was charged before Mr. Alderman Hale, at the Mansion House, with obtaining money by a false pretence. Mr. W. C. Fowler, a member of the Court of Common Council, said the prisoner called upon him on Monday week and stated that he had brought a soldier as a prisoner from the barracks at Canterbury to the Clerkenwell House of Detention, and that on his way thither from the Cannon-street railway station with the man he had in charge he had been unfortunate enough to lose what money he had about him and his return railway-pass to Canterbury; that he had applied to the governor of the House of Detention under the circumstances to advance him a sufficient sum to enable him to return; and that the governor had recommended him to apply to the deputy of the nearest ward in the City. Believing the prisoner's story to be true, witness advanced him the sum of 6s. 3d. to pay his railway fare to Canterbury, and a shilling more for a breakfast. Prisoner stated he was Corporal G. Walker, of the 14th King's Hussars, stationed at Canterbury. On writing to the military authorities, the story was found to be false. He was ordered to be imprisoned for twenty-one days.

LIFE ASSURANCE: A CAUTION.—We approve of the new law, and especially of that clause which compels a company to deposit the sum of £20,000, such deposit to be retained by the Accountant-General of the Court of Chancery until the life-assurance fund accumulated out of the premiums amounts to £40,000. This will put a check on life-assurance bubble-blowing. We think it necessary, however, to warn the public that the best law can be evaded. People cannot be made pru-

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EXTRACT FROM LAST ANNUAL REPORT.

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Capital paid up	£289,956	0s.	0d.
Reserve Fund, and Profit and Loss Account	286,925	10s.	0d.
Life Assurance Funds	1,173,401	9s.	1d.

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dent any more than they can be made virtuous by Act of Parliament. It will still be necessary for intending assurers to consider what they are about, and not to go into a company without inquiry and reflection. However, the new law is so favourable to assurers that henceforth those who are plundered will deserve no commiseration.—*Law Journal*.

THE LONDON GAZETTE.

FRIDAY, AUG. 26.

BANKRUPTCIES ANNULLED.—C. EDWARDS, Hackney-road, fruiterer.—A. C. HOBART, Aldersgate-street, in the Ottoman Government's service.

BANKRUPT.—G. W. ALLEN, Chalk Farm-road, china and glass dealer.—J. AMOS, Bunhill-row, metal-dealer.—A. T. BRACE, Red Lion-court, Fleet-street, bookbinder.—E. J. CRANE-court, Fleet-street, journalist.—S. COTTERELL, Halkin-place, Belgrave-square, horse-dealer.—G. HARRISON, Bedford-row, Holborn, tracer of pedigrees.—I. LEBERICH, Kennington Park-road, professor of music.—E. G. G. MURRAY, Brook-street, Grosvenor-square, newspaper-proprietor.—S. NEWTON, High-street, Kensington, licensed victualler.—G. WREN, High Holborn, paper merchant.—T. S. BLACKBURN, B. HOLLAND, and M. SCHOFIELD, Liverpool, cotton-brokers.—T. COLLETT, Bridge-water, licensed victualler.—L. P. COLLIER, Nottingham, lace manufacturer.—T. GOULD, Deal, licensed victualler.—W. G. GREEN, Leicester, boot and shoe manufacturer.—W. HARDWICH, Swindon, draper.—E. JAMES, Walsall, bridge-cutter.—T. H. LLOYD, Llanfynydd, grocer.—T. RISTE, Nottingham, commission agent.—G. STATHAM, Hanley, jeweller.

SCOTCH SEQUESTRATIONS.—W. CORNELIUS, Edinburgh, painter.—A. M'LENNAN, Ord, distiller.

TUESDAY, AUG. 30.

BANKRUPTCIES ANNULLED.—E. T. COLE, Bristol, grocer.—H. HARNDEN and G. W. WHIDDON, Salcombe, shipwrights.

BANKRUPT.—H. CHENU, Camden-road, Kentish Town, watchmaker.—G. FASSI, Great St. Helen's, City, merchant.—P. WHITE, Great St. Andrew-street, Seven Dials, ironmonger.—P. CHERRY, Liverpool, cotton-broker.—T. GRACE, Castledorf, grocer and draper.—J. GREENSLADE, Idelford and Bishop-leighton, miller.—M. PHILLIPS, Beilington, draper and ale merchant.—F. PURDEN, Wolverhampton, licensed victualler.—G. R. RAY, Dukinfield, engineer.—J. SHARP, Leeds, builder.—D. C. and C. C. SIMPSON, Liverpool, merchants.—J. THOMAS, Narberth, draper and grocer.

SCOTCH SEQUESTRATIONS.—J. FRASER, Musselburgh, blacksmith and ironmonger.—W. WELLS, Inverness, iron-founder.—J. MALCOLM, Glasgow, waterproof indiarubber and vulcanite merchant.—J. PARK, Glasgow, broker and commission merchant.

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Rich Silk Lyons Velvet, Velveteens,
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Thousands of good, useful, Plain or Fancy
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Richer Qualities, 7s. 9d. to 12s. 9d.; worth
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Dresses, 4s. 11d. to 6s. 11d. each of 12 yards;
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Wholesale, Retail, and Export Silkmongers
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Length, unmade, 1 guinea the Dress.
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An accumulation of odd Dresses, comprising many
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The best time to purchase.
Several hundreds at 6s. each;
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lined rich satin and beautifully quilted.
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Vanda, a delicious perfume, extracted from
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The "Civil Service Gazette" remarks:—"By a thorough
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Specially prepared for sufferers from
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is highly nutritious, easily digested, and palatable,
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DUBLIN EXHIBITION, 1865.
This celebrated old Irish Whisky gained the
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It is pure, mild, mellow, delicious,
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Sold in bottles, 3s. 8d. each, at the retail houses in London;
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Observe the red seal, pink label, and branded cork,
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Prices 2s. 4d., 2s. 8d., 3s., 3s. 4d., and 3s. 8d. per lb.
For 30 years this Tea has been celebrated
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Genuine Packets are signed
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In rendering the Complexion clear and beautiful,
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PASTE is greatly superior to any Tooth Powder, gives
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JOHN GOSNELL and CO.'S EXTRA HIGHLY SCENTED
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Indigestion,
Sick Headache, Loss of Appetite,
Drowsiness,
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are quickly removed by that well-known remedy,
FRAMPTON'S PILLS OF HEALTH.
Obtained through any Chemist or Medicine-Vender.

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At 172, New Bond-street, London; and of all Chemists.

BILE and INDIGESTION, WIND,

Headache, Sickiness, Loss of Appetite,
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Soreness from Perspiration prevented, and the skin
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DELICIOUS VALENTA ARABICA FOOD,
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